The SONG BOOK of the Y.W.C.A.

M. F. Reed
Ginling College
Nanking, China

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THE SONG BOOK of the Y. W. C. A.

Compiled by

IMOGENE B. IRELAND

(*and the Music Committee of the National Board of the Young Womens Christian Associations*)

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THE WOMANS PRESS

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INTRODUCTION

IN response to a steadily growing demand from the membership of the Young Women's Christian Associations for a song book which would put into permanent form the songs beloved in our Associations, as well as make available new material, the Music Committee of the Education and Research Division of the National Board in the winter of 1924–25 began such a compilation. Every effort was made to give publicity to the proposed book through the Womans Press and through the aid of the national traveling staff, with the hope that the best songs representative of all parts of the country, of all types of Associations, and of all departments would be submitted. The Music Committee is keenly aware of the absence of certain songs which our membership will hope to find. If these songs were copyrighted, permission to use them was essential. In some cases, it was not possible to obtain such permission, and in others, the owners of the copyrights could not be located after diligent search. Many good songs therefore could not be included, and in order to keep the book within a practical and convenient size, careful selection had to be made from all the material submitted.

Because our need for a hymn collection has already been well supplied in our "Association Hymnal," no effort was made to include hymns in this book, and only a few of the old folk songs have been included which are not found in "Folk Songs of Many Peoples." The Music Committee will welcome any comments you care to make on the value of the songs as you use them, and any suggestions of songs you think should be included in what we hope may some day prove to be the ideal Song Book of the Young Women's Christian Association.

We wish to extend our appreciation to all those within and without the Association who have helped to secure material for our book; to all the music publishers who have generously given us permission to use their selections; and especially to C. C. Birchard and Company, the official printers of this book, to whom we owe much for the use of their copyright material, their helpful suggestions, and keen, understanding interest in our undertaking.

And now we can only wish for you the pleasure in using this Song Book that the Music Committee has enjoyed in compiling it. And if through its use a singing membership of our Young Women's Christian Association is developed, — a great group expressing through song its sense of joy, of comradeship, of beauty, of reverence, of eager pulsing life longing to share in common the gifts which Music never fails to bestow on those who seek her in all sincerity, — then our Song Book will have more than fulfilled its purpose.

For the Music Committee —

MRS. EDWIN B. PARKER, *Chairman*
IMOGENE B. IRELAND, *Vice-Chairman*

THE SONG BOOK OF THE Y. W. C. A.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION SONGS

Follow the Gleam

Words by a Bryn Mawr College Student

(Prize Song, Silver Bay Student Conference, 1920)

Music by Sallie Hume Douglas*

To knights in the days of old, Keep-ing vig-il on moun-tain height,
And we who would serve the King, And loy-al-ly Him o-bey,

Came a vi-sion of Ho-ly Grail And a voice through the wait-ing
In the con-se-crate si-lence know That the chal-lenge still sounds to-

night. Fol-low, fol-low, fol-low the gleam! Ban-ners un-furled o'er all the
day. Fol-low, fol-low, fol-low the gleam! Stand-ards of worth o'er all the

world. Fol-low, fol-low, fol-low the gleam Of the Chal-ice that is the Grail.
earth. Fol-low, fol-low, fol-low the gleam Of the light that shall bring the dawn.

*Music copyrighted by the composer and used by her kind permission.

Single copies may be obtained from The Womans Press.

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New Lamps for Old

(Prize Song, Silver Bay Student Conference, 1923)

Marian Nosser
Mt. Holyoke College

Gertrude D. Ross
Mt. Holyoke College

1. In the land of dream-ing, Bright with col-ors gay,
2. In the land of liv-ing, Built by hu-man hands,

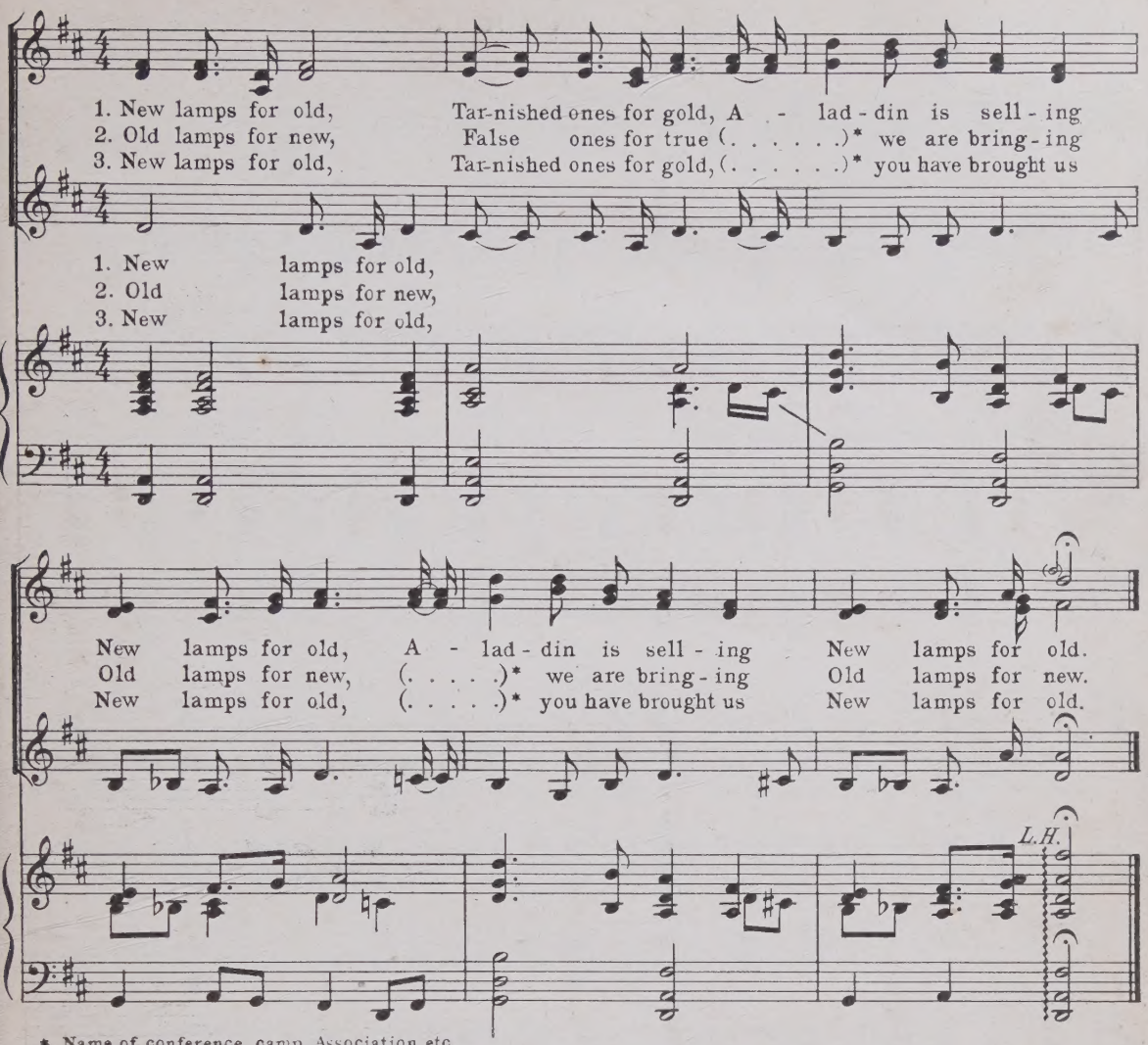
Strolled a care-free sing-er At the dawn of day. He was called A-lad-din,
Youth-ful sing-ers gath-er Here from man-y lands. We are called the seek-ers

sing-er At dawn of day.
gath-er From man-y lands.

rall.

And he sang his wares, In the land of dream-ing, Nev-er touched by cares.
Of A-lad-din's wares, In the land of liv-ing, Nev-er free from cares.

rall.



* Name of conference, camp, Association, etc.

Break Down Barriers*

Words by Reading Delegation, Nepahwin Industrial Conference, 1922.

(Sung to the music of "Lassie O'Mine" by Edward J. Walt.
Published by Sam Fox Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio.)

I

O world of Industry, from sea to sea,
Filled with barriers of race and creed,
O loving neighbors, hear our plea
In this age of strife and greed:

Chorus

Break down barriers, change our thoughts,
With the help of the One above;
Break down barriers, change our thoughts,
Help widen the reach of love.

II

Father of mercies, help us to find,
'Mongst the people of ev'ry land,
The loving Brotherhood of Mankind,
And help us to understand. —*Chorus*

* Single copies *with music* may be obtained from The Womans Press.

Hand over Hand

Helen Thoburn

Tune: The Gypsy Trail
Tod B. Galloway, Op. 30, №2*

1. Hand o - ver hand in a link - ed band, We forge the en - dur - ing chain; Tho' our lives lie a - part in home or mart, We shall ne'er be a - lone a - gain; For ser - vice ranks the same with God, In ser - vice we all are one; Oh! the

2. We la bored and lived a - lone for long, Lost in the cit - y's maze; But the need of each one for the oth - er was strong, As we passed on the crowd - ed ways; Till la - bor's spir - it pos - sessed our souls, U - nit - ing us one to all,

poco rit.

colla voce

* Used by courtesy of the composer.

1.

year's at the spring and the day's at the morn, And our day has just be-
Bring-ing us in-to the

D.C.

gun! com-rades' chain, An-swer-ing thus her call.

2.

pp

Girl Reserve Litany of Thanks

Abbie Graham — John H. Gower*

Solo

1. For the year that came from Thee, Hours that en-tered si-lent-ly,
2. Year re-mem-bered for its friends, Coin e-ter-nal heav-en lends,
3. Un-for-got-ten sky and hills, Lit-tle road that sun-light fills,

Group response

Fash-ioned so ex-quis-ite-ly,
Won-der-ing the glad heart spends, God of all, we thank Thee.
Joy that love-li-ness ful-fils,

Solo

4. Wonder in the common street,
Worn by passing, weary feet,
Silent tumult in each heart beat,

Response

God of all, we thank Thee.

Solo

5. Gift of music, harmonies,
Beauty thought in melodies,
Wak'ning inner memories, —*Response*

Solo

6. Builders of our city tall,
Hearing in their work Thy call,
Dreaming dreams of life for all,—*Response*

Solo

7. Human love that frees from greed,
Lessening all human need,
Showing Thee in daily deed,—*Response*

* Used by permission

Far o'er the Hills

New Bedford High School Girl Reserve Club

Adele Beattys*
Vassar 1915

Tempo di Marcia

1. Far o'er the hills and plains, from sea to sea,
2. When time has passed and we are far a - way,

O Girl Re - serves, to thee we bring the faith of hearts for - ev - er strong and loy - al,
O Girl Re - serves, the thought of thee will bring us near in spir - it to each oth - er,

Ea - ger in serv - ing oth - ers day by day, Pledged to
Spur us to strong - er ef - fort thro' each day, On to

love and lift___ and keep thy vi - sion true a - long life's way
do and dare___ and keep thy vi - sion true a - long life's way.

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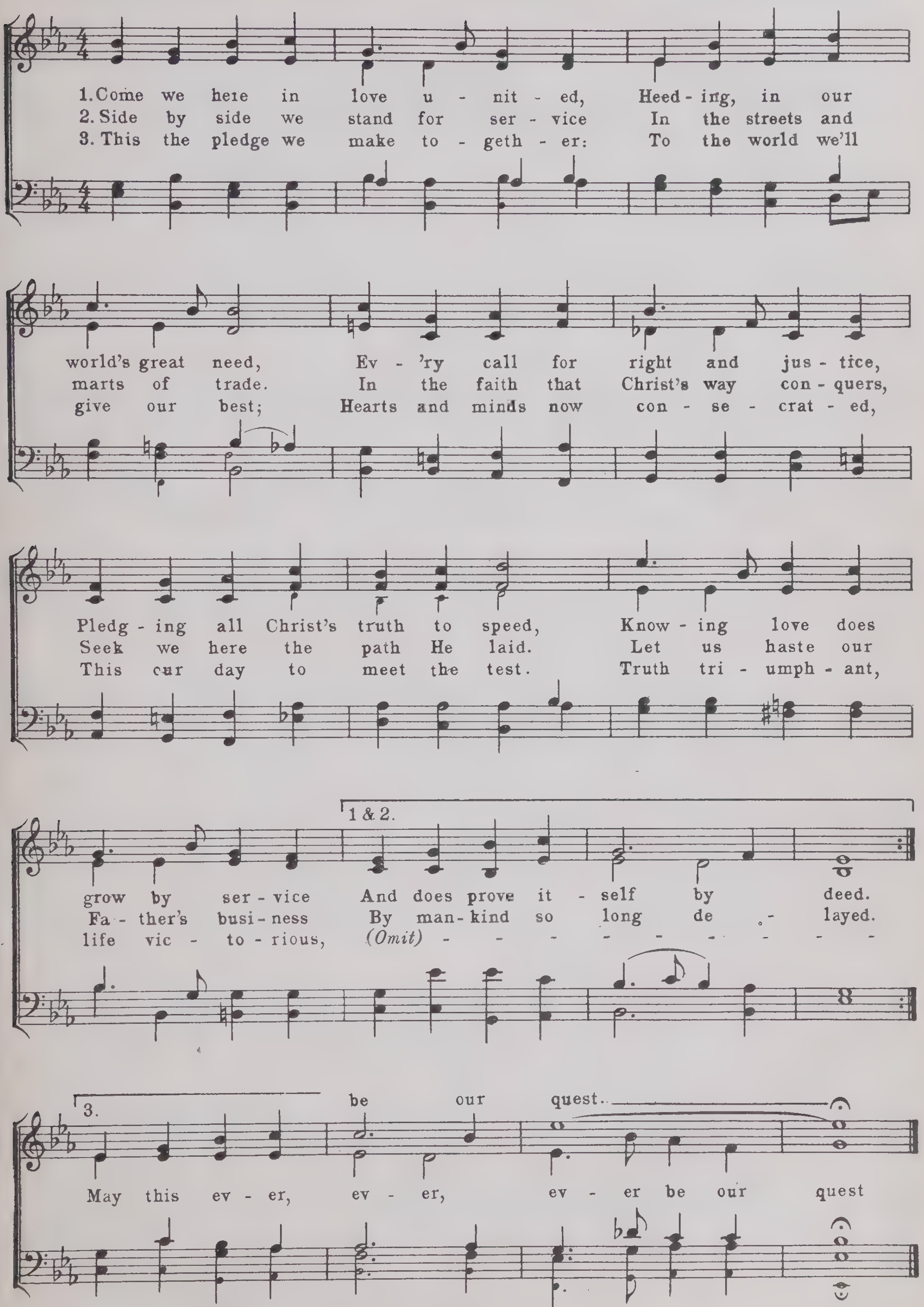
Our Quest

Harriet A. Cunningham

R. Huntington Woodman
"A Song of Service" *



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Sing-a-Ling-a-Ling

Emphasizing the "Sing-a-ling-a-ling" refrain each time by clinking upon glasses will add to the novelty of this song of greeting

Anon.

Anon.
Arr. by Gladys Pitcher

Moderato

O *) Mis-ter Wing, we sing-a-ling-a-ling With all our hearts to you; We hope there'll be some-thing-a-ling-a-ling that we can do for you. In au-tumn, win-ter, spring-a-ling-a-ling and all the whole year through, We'll ring-a-ling-a-ling, And ting-a-ling-a-ling, And ching-a-ling-a-ling for you.

*) Proper name

From "№2. Twice 55 Community Songs" (The Green Book). By permission of C. C. Birchard and Company, Publishers.

Skinamarink*

Anon.

Popular Tune
Harmonized by Dorothy Woods

Skin-a-ma-rink a-dink a-dink, Skin-a-ma-rink a-doo, I love you; Skin-a-ma-rink a-dink a-dink, Skin-a-ma-rink a-doo, 'Deed I do. I love you in the morn-ing and in the aft-er-noon, I love you in the eve-ning and un-der-neath the moon, Oh! Skin-a-ma-rink a-dink a-dink, Skin-a-ma-rink a-doo, I love you!

* From Camp Aloha Song Book. Used by permission

Greeting and Good-bye Song

Sophie Hummel*

Tune: Clementine
Percy Montrose

Allegro

1. Oh, *(proper name)* Oh, (. . . . . .) we are glad to see you here; Stay as long as time will let you, Feel at home and share our cheer.
2. Oh, (. . . . . .) Oh, (. . . . . .) we are sad to have you go; Come a-gain we all im - plore you, Your de - par - ture gives us woe.

* Words used by permission of Camp Hanoum

Come Along, Sing

E. Pruda Harwood

E. Pruda Harwood

Come a - long sing, Sing a - long with us Come a - long sing, sing a - long do.
Come a - long sing, Sing to (*. . . . . .) Sing to (*. . . . . .) tried and true.

Notes stemmed down for second line. * Proper name

From "Grammar School Songs." Copyright 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission of the Publishers

Hello! Peter!

Hel-lo! *Pe-ter! You're a friend of mine; Hel-lo! Pe-ter! You're a friend of mine.

With your hand in your pock-et And your lit - tle chain and lock - et,

More slowly

Hel-lo! Pe-ter! You're a friend of mine, And she †lives down in our al-ley.—

* Proper name
† This may be varied by substituting some appropriate locality, as "she lives in Minnesota"

From "No 2. Twice 55 Community Songs" (The Green Book). Used by permission of C.C. Birchard & Co., Publishers.

A Pledge

Tune: Nut Brown Maiden*

Oh! Miss (. . . . . .)** our hearts to you, our hands to you, Oh! Miss (. . . . .) our hearts and hands to you. We pledge our- selves to your suc- cess, our love for you will ne'er grow less. Oh! Miss (. . . . . .) our hearts to you, our hands to you, Oh! Miss (. . . . .) our hearts and hands to you.

* From the "Most Popular College Songs," published by Hinds, Hayden and Eldredge, Inc. Used by permission.

** Proper name.

Howdy

Southern Greeting Song

1. An' a how-dy, how-dy, sis-ter,* An' a how-dy, how-dy do? Mm-m _____
2. I'm a do-in' might-y well, An' I wish the same to you. Mm-m _____
3. An' a how-dy, how-dy, peo-ple, An' a how-dy, how-dy do? Mm-m _____
4. I'm a do-in' might-y well, An' I wish the same to you. Mm-m _____

* Names of camps, individuals, etc. may be used.

Song of Greeting

Edward L. White

Oh,— where have you been, (. . . . . .)* (. . . . . .

. . . .) Oh,— where have you been, charm-ing (. . . . . .)?

We are glad that you are back, And we'll see you noth-ing

lack In our club at (. . . . . .)**

* Proper name

** Location of your Association

The Great Out-of-Doors

(Intercamp Prize Song)

Helen D. Bragdon
Camp Kehonka

Francis Ames *

Lively

1. All hail to the Great Out-of-doors, say we, And to days that are spark-ling fair; — Yo ho! for the balm of the deep for-est calm, In a land ev-er free from care, In a land ev-er free from care.—
2. All hail to our frol-ics with wind and wave, And the chal-lenge of moun-tain height;— Yo ho! for the zest of clean play at its best, We will cheer it with all— our might, We will cheer it with all— our might.—

REFRAIN

Then hey! for a sum-mer of joy, tra-la! For jol-ly fine camp-ers are we;— Then hey! for good fun and real friend-ship be-gun, Sing tra-la-la-la! say we!—

* By permission of C.C. Birchard & Co.

The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies

Traditional

Old English Folk Song
Somersetshire
Acc. by Gladys Pitcher *

1. There were three gyp-sies a - come to my door, And down stairs ran this a - la - dy, O! One sang high and the oth-er sang low, And the oth-er sang bon-ny, bon-ny Bis-cay, O!

1–8 9

2. Then she pulled off her silk finished gown
And put on hose of leather, O!
The ragged, ragged rags about our door—
She's gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

3. It was late last night when my lord came home,
Enquiring for his a-lady, O!
The servants said, on every hand:
She's gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

4. The Lord:
Come, saddle to me my milk-white steed,
And go and fetch my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

5. Then he rode high, and he rode low,
He rode through wood and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O!

6. The Lord:
What makes you leave your house and land?
What makes you leave your money, O!
What makes you leave your new wedded lord,
To go with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O?

7. The Lady:
O what care I for my house and land?
What care I for my money, O?
What care I for my new wedded lord?
I'm off with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

8. The Lord:
Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
But to-night you'll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

9. The Lady:
O what care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

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Along the Lakes

H. D. Sleeper *

Tune: Comin' thro' the Rye
Scotch Melody

1. A - long the lakes, a - mong the hills, There's man - y a camp I know, And all the girls when sum - mer comes To camp will sure - ly go.
2. A - mong them all there is a camp I dear - ly love my - self, But what its name or where it is, I din - na choose to tell.
3. So here's to ev - 'ry las - sie's camp, To your camp and the rest, But here's a toast to our own camp, The one we love the best.

CHORUS

Ev - 'ry las - sie has a camp, That's suit - ed to her mind, But camps that can com - pare with ours Are might - y hard to find.

* Words used by permission of the author

Over Hill, over Dale

Elizabeth Gainest†

Caisson Song
U. S. Army **

With spirit

f

mf

O-ver hill, o-ver dale, We will hit the green-wood trail, As we

mf

(– –) * come swing-ing a - long. Should it rain, should it shine We will

keep a stead-y line, As we (– –) come swing-ing a - long.

* Use appropriate words, such as gypsies, G. R.'s, club girls, etc.

** From "Home and Community Song Book", Concord Series № 2
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† Words from Camp Aloha Song Book. Used by permission.

CHORUS

f

Then it's hi! hi! hee! (* – – – – –) for me! Shout out your

f

num-bers loud and strong; Where e'er you go, You will al-ways

know, When we (– –) come swing-ing a - long (Keep them swing-ing) When we

(spoken)

(– –) come swing-ing a - long. Then it's long.

1. 2.

* Supply appropriate words

Camp Fire Song

Words and music by
H. D. Sleeper *

Come, ye camp-ers, gath- er boughs And twigs of pine and fir; And a
A fire-side game and more of the same Will make the min-utes fly;

chunk or two of oak will do, If an-y of such oc - cur. Then
Cin-na-mon toast or a mal-low roast, But watch the nurse-'s eye. Now

lay with skill the fire you will, But note where the breez-es blow; With a
trot your old-est sto-ries out Of ghosts and the gob-lin race; And a

fit - ful breeze be - neath the trees, Quite out the fire might go.
word or so on the stars you know Will sure-ly be in place.

Used by permission of author and composer

CHORUS

With spirit

Curl-ing smoke, snap-ping twigs, Fly-ing sparks drive the night a-way.

Glow-ing coals, crack-ling boughs, Leap-ing flames make it bright as day.

Sto-ries go round and games a-bound, While the flames mount higher and—

higher, *f* And we find good cheer with friends so dear, So let's

1. sing to our gay camp fire.— 2. sing to our gay camp fire.

As the Bright Flames Ascend

Anon.

Tune: Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes
Old English Tune

mp

As the bright flames as - cend to heav-en, O God_ of love and truth,

mp

We would in thought with Thee com-mune, In love and joy and youth. The

f

hills a-bound with our glad song, And ech - o back to Thee,

f

Our thanks re-ceive for work and health, And love and loy - al - ty.

Camp Time

David R. Starry *

Frances Rittenhouse *

1. Camp time, tramp time, hear the dis-tant call; Lakes and moun-tains beck-on one and all.
2. Sun-light fad - ing, even-ing shad-ows fall; Camp-fire glow- ing brings con-tent to all.

Trails a-wind-ing hail the break of day; Pack your knap-sack, let's a-way!
Pleas-ant mem-ries, joys that fill each day; Clos-er friend-ships *(Omit)* - - - live for aye!

1. *(Tenor optional)* 2.

* Used by permission of the composer and author

Dear Old Pals*

Dear old pals, jol - ly old pals, We're al - ways to-geth - er In all sorts of weath - er; Dear old pals, jol - ly old pals, We're ev - er the same, At dear (- - -) †Camp.

* From Camp Aloha Song Book. Used by permission.
† Name of Camp.

Under the Greenwood Tree

17th Century

Allegro moderato

Fine

1. In— sum-mer-time when flow'rs do spring And birds sit on each tree,—
   Let mourn-ful hearts say what they will—There's none so merry as we;—
2. Our mus-ic is a lit-tle pipe— That can so sweet-ly play:—
   We hire old Hal from Whit-sun-tide,— To lat-ter Lam-mas day;—

Fine

With joy-ous sound we gath-er round, Our hearts are full of glee,
On high days and on hol-i-days To join— our sport comes he,

D.C. 1st verse al Fine

Oh!— how— we skip it, ca-per and trip it Un-der the green-wood tree.—
And— then— we skip it, ca-per and trip it Un-der the green-wood tree.—

D.C. al Fine

From "Grammar School Songs." Copyright 1917 by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

Girl Reserve Fire Song

Abbie Graham

Margaret Kreglow McCarten

Fire,— Fire,— swift and free, Our gifts we con-se-crate to— thee;
Fire,— Fire,— pure and strong, Make free our hearts from se-cret wrong;

Fire, Fire, Free, Our gifts we con-se-crate to thee;
Fire, Fire, Strong, Make free our hearts from se-cret wrong;

Of-fring of the woods we make, In-cense of the earth we take, Si-len-ces and
Kin-dle won-der with thy light, Give us rev-er-en-tial sight, Lift our souls in

(*SOP.*) And our even-ing rev-e-ries Un-to thy flame we give.
Ra-diant mys-ter-y of fire, We bow be-fore thy flame.

mem-o-ries, Even-ing thoughts Un-to thy flame we give.
high de-sire, Ra-diant fire, We bow be-fore thy flame.

Czecho-Slovakia Camp Song*

Tune: Czech Marching Song

Arr. by Fjeril Hess and Lilian Jackson

1. A-bove a plain of gold and green, A young boy's
2. But no, 'tis not his lift-ing head, 'Tis If-ca's
3. For our ple-sure it was made, This gray old
4. For va-ca-tion's joys so wild, O Naz-dar!

CHORUS

head is plain-ly seen.
cas-tle spires in-stead.
build-ing deep in shade.
sun-burst If-ca's child.

Hu-ya hu-ya hu-ya, ya,

Swift-ly flow-ing wa-ter; Hu-ya, hu-ya, hu-ya, ya, Swift-ly flow-ing La-be.

* This is from the first summer camp in Central Europe and is really a description of its nine hundred-year-old castle set in the midst of a green meadow full of forget-me-nots and cowslips, through which the girls used to march on their way to the river Elbe (Labe) to swim. Ifca means Y. W. C. A.

Fire-light

Martin D. Atkins — Swedish Folk Song

1. Com-rades, the em-bers are fad - ing; Bright-er the eve-ning stars glow; Twi-light to dark-ness is shad - ing
2. List, now the bird dream-ing yon - der Trills a faint song in its sleep; Hark, how the breez-es that wan - der,
3. Hush we our sto-ries and laugh - ter; From jest-ing a mo-ment re- frain; To - mor - row may ev - 'ry glad raft - er Re-

Sing ere to slum-ber we go: 1,&2. Good - night to fire-light and star - light; Good-night to mur-mur-ing trees; Good-night to
Whis-per their thoughts to the deep. 3. Good - night to fire-light and star - light; Good-night to bird-song and breeze; In dreams, steal - ing
sound with our mu-sic a - gain.

cresc.

dim.

Na-iad and Wood - Sprite; Long ech- o such mem'-ries as these.
soft-ly as moon - light, Long ech- o such mem'-ries as these.

Asilomar

Alice G. Moore

Mrs. Effie McD. Crafts

Andante sostenuto

p

1. Breathe me a prayer, O white sand - dune, A
2. Breathe me a prayer, O state - ly pine, A
3. Breathe me a prayer, A - sil - o - mar, A

p

prayer for pure - ness of soul like thine; Who, tho' drift - ing and
prayer for strength of soul like thine; Gnarled and bend - ing yet
prayer for thy spir - it ev - er - more; Heart ap - peal - ing and

cresc. *f*

end - less-ly shift-ing, Ev-er gleam white to the moon; Washed by the tide of the
ev-er-more blend-ing, Brave - ly your branch-es shine; Shat-tered by storm and
soul re-veal-ing, The spir - it of God, A-sil - o - mar; Qui - et my soul by the

cresc. *f*

mf *sotto voce*

rest - less sea, O wave of life, so pur - i - fy me.
bathed in tears, So strength-en my life, O pass - ing years.
faith that is thine, A - sil - o - mar, in God di - vine.

mf *p* *pp*

Eagles Mere

(Prize Song, Eagles Mere Student Conference, 1922)

Clarice Horn
Oberlin College

Ruth Wright Vanderlip
Oberlin College

1. We meet in the beau-ty of Ea - gles Mere, To re - new in our hearts the dream That from
2. We see the vi - sion, we hear the call, As we go may the dream live still, And

age to age men have held so dear, Pass-ing on the cher-ished gleam.
find - ing our hap - pi-ness all in all, May we give with a great good will.

CHORUS

For bro - ther-hood, For bro - ther-hood, In life and work and love. The

peace for which the Lord Christ stood, On earth as in heav'n a - bove.

Blue Ridge

(Prize Song, Blue Ridge Student Conference, 1925)

Words and Music by
Delegation from Hollins College, Virginia

1. Swift to our hearts thy mes-sage bring, O Blue Ridge. Strength may thy high-piled mountains to us — give. — Soft to our spir-its cool winds sing, O Blue Ridge, Thy bound-less beau-ty thru our days shall live.
2. Gird thou our minds with pur-pose sure, O Blue Ridge. Stead - fast as are thy nev-er - chang - ing — hills. — Fill thou our hearts with long-ing pure, O Blue Ridge, Lift thou our spir-its as thy beau - ty wills.

Maqua Call

Anon.

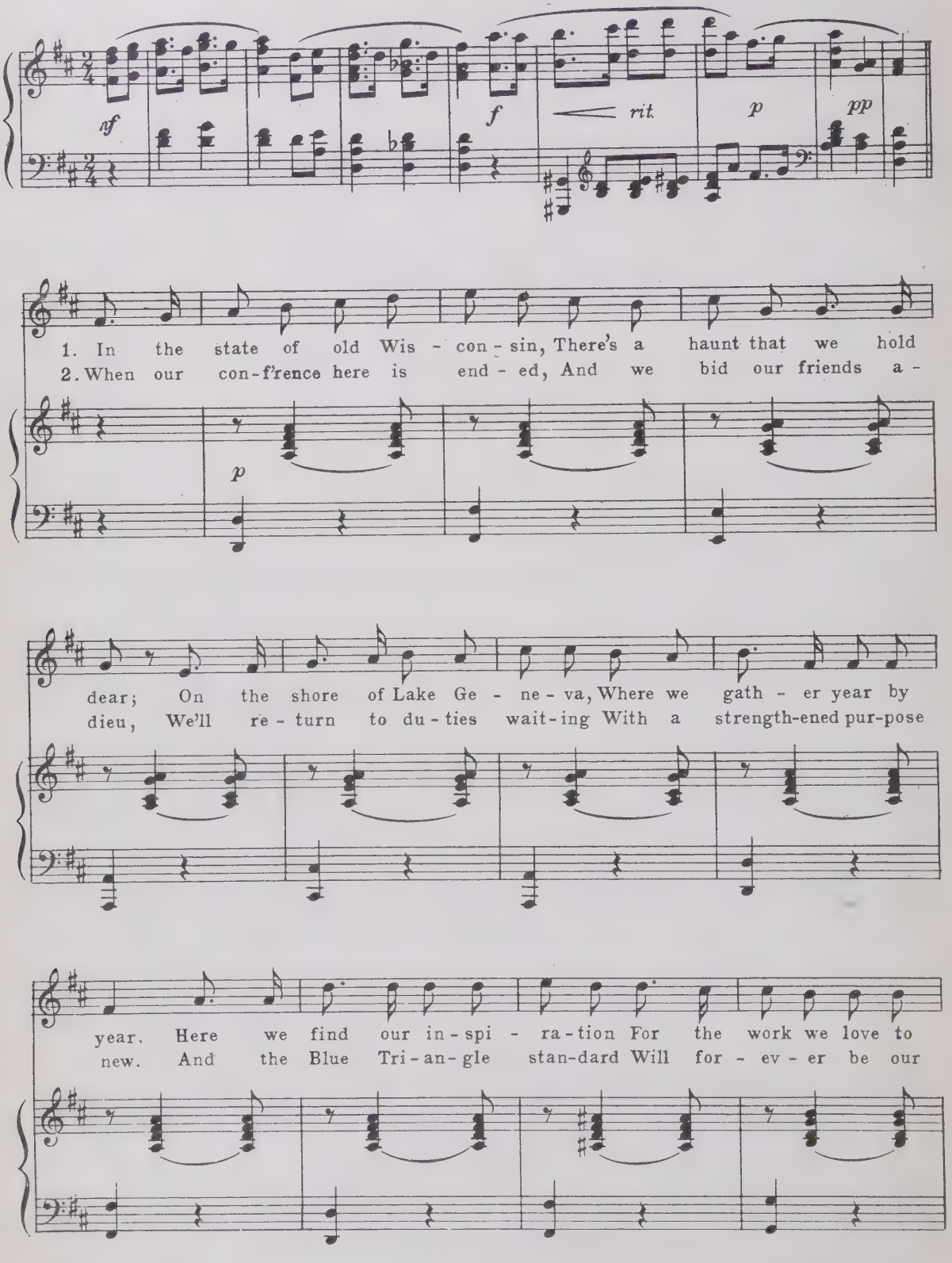
All hail Ma-qua! All hail Ma-qua! M-A-Q-U-A we say, Ma-qua, all hail!

Geneva

(Prize Song, Geneva City Conference, 1921)

Words by Cleveland Delegation

R.W. Atkinson



Words and Music from "Songs of All the Colleges" published by Noble and Noble, N.Y. Used by special permission.

do; There is rest for mind and spir-it, Joy and con - se-cra-tion,
guide, For we're bound by one great pur-pose Tho' we're scat - tered far and

p

CHORUS

too. From our world - ly cares set free, We com - mune, dear friend, with
wide.

thee. And we seem to hear thy mes-sage In the wind a-mong the trees.

dolce

How each rest-less thought it stills, How each heart with rap - ture

pp

rit.

thrills, When we pause by blue Ge - ne-va, Nes-tled 'mid the wood-land hills.

rit. *p*

Estes Park

Caroline Goforth Hogue

Lillian Short Morse

With marked accent

1. Friend o' mine, come with me, come, to the moun-tains! Let the great
2. Love is there, friend o' mine, love's in the moun-tains! Friend-ship and

f *poco accel.*

strength o' them strength-en thy life. God is there, friend o' mine,
hap - pi-ness dwell in them, too. Come to the moun - tains,

ff *a tempo*

God's in the moun - tains God is their beau - ty, their truth and their power.
Come with me, friend o' mine, Help me bring God and Love down to the plains.

poco rit.

Okoboji

Words and Music by
Vida Phillips

1. Sun - light on the wa - ters, Cool winds thru the
2. Earn - est thought and gay, Song and laugh - ter
3. Ra - diant hearts of youth, Ea - ger for the

trees, Waves that roll and glis - ten, Sights and sounds that
bright, Fill the live - long day, Glad - den dreams at
right, Seek - ing ways of truth, Beau - ty find, and

please. All these make the charm of O - ko - bo - ji Camp.
night. All these make the joy of O - ko - bo - ji Camp.
light. All these make the peace of O - ko - bo - ji Camp.

Silver Bay

(Prize Song, Silver Bay Student Conference, 1924)

Emily Voigt
Cornell University, '25

Helen T. Smith
Cornell University, '25

To a sta - ble poor and low - ly, Came three kings from lands a -
Sil - ver Bay, thus come we un - to thee, As the kings of long a -

far, Brought their gifts in ad - o - ra - tion, Fol - l'wing yon - der Beth - lehem
go, Each one glad - ly bring - ing gifts of love On thy ser - vice to be -

mf *f*

star, Seek - ers all of life e - ter - nal, Went these three kings on their
stow, Seek - ers all of life e - ter - nal, Trav'-ling o - ver life's dark

mf

kings
o'er

quest, Went to find, yet made their of - fer - ings, Thro' their giv - ing found the best.
sea, Come to find, and thro' our of - fer - ings, Find the Christ a - new in thee.

Maqua*

Words by 1922 Delegation
Simmons College

Helen Coolidge Bailey

Slowly, with expression

p

Down where the birch - es sway Twi-light comes creep-ing: We fol-low on the way Where you are lead - ing. Your spir - it strong and true Will guide us ev - er; Faith, Love and Truth we learn, Ma-qua, through you.

* From the Simmons Song Book. Used by permission.

f

Though we are far a - way,— We'll "car - ry on" each day,— And prove by

word and deed That we all heed— Your spir-it strong and true, The love that's

pp

born a-new, Yes, we will keep it there, Deep in our hearts.

pp

This most beautiful of the Army bugle calls is sounded by the bugler as it appears in the upper notes, the harmony having been added here to vary the effect when it is sung.

Taps

U.S. Army Bugle Call

Slow

Day is done, Gone the sun From the lake, from the hills, from the

sky; All is well, Safe - ly rest, God is nigh.

Arr. from "No I. Twice 55 Community Songs" (The Brown Book). By permission of C.C. Birchard and Company, Publishers.

Little Sir Echo*

Laura Rountree Smith — J. S. Fearis

Allegro moderato

mf

Echo *Echo.*

1. Lit - tle Sir Ech - o, how do you do? Hel - lo, (hel - lo) Hel - lo. (hel - lo)
2. Lit - tle Sir Ech - o is hid - ing near, Hel - lo, (hel - lo) Hel - lo. (hel - lo)
3. Lit - tle Sir Ech - o, what makes you shy? Hel - lo, (hel - lo) Hel - lo. (hel - lo)

Echo *Echo*

Lit - tle Sir Ech - o will an - swer you, Hel - lo, (hel - lo) Hel - lo. (hel - lo)
Lit - tle Sir Ech - o sings sweet and clear, Hel - lo, (hel - lo) Hel - lo. (hel - lo)
Lit - tle Sir Ech - o we hear re - ply, Hel - lo, (hel - lo) Hel - lo. (hel - lo)

REFRAIN *Echo* (hel - lo) *Echo* (hel - lo)

Hel - lo, Hel - lo, Won't you come o - ver and play? You're a

p

* Copyright J. S. Fearis & Brother. Used by permission of the Publishers.

poco rall. *a tempo* *Echo* (a-way)

nice lit-tle fel-low, we know by your voice, But you're al-ways so far a - way.

The Tree in the Wood

Anon. Anon.

1. All in a wood there grew a tree, The fin - est tree you
2. And on this tree there grew a limb, The fin - est limb you

mp

ev - er did see; The tree was in the wood,
ev - er did see; The limb was on the tree, (The) And the

f

Ped. ✻

green leaves grew all a - round, a-round, a-round, And the green leaves grew all a - round.

cresc. *f*

3. And on this limb there was a branch,
   The finest branch you ever did see;
   The branch was on the limb,
   The limb was on the tree,
   The tree was in the wood, etc.

4. And on this branch there was a nest, etc.
5. And in this nest there was an egg, etc.
6. And in this egg there was a bird, etc.
7. And on this bird there was a wing, etc.
8. And on this wing there was a feather, etc.

From "№2. Twice 55 Community Songs" (The Green Book) by permission of C. C. Birchard & Co., Publishers.

Billy Boy

Traditional

Edward L. White

1. Oh,— where have you been, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly
2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly
3. Did she set for you a chair, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly
4. Can she make a cher - ry - pie, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly
5. How— old is she, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly

Boy, Oh,— where have you been, charm - ing Bil - ly?
Boy, Did she bid you to come in, charm - ing Bil - ly?
Boy, Did she set for you a chair, charm - ing Bil - ly?
Boy, Can she make a cher - ry - pie, charm - ing Bil - ly?
Boy, How— old is she, charm - ing Bil - ly?

I have been to seek a wife, She's the joy— of my
Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a dim - ple in her
Yes, she set for me a chair, She has ring - lets in her
She can make a cher - ry - pie, Quick's a cat can wink her
Three times six and four times seven, Twen - ty - eight— and e -

life, She's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er.
chin, She's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er.
hair, She's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er.
eye, She's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er.
leven, She's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er.

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Rock-a-bye Baby

Words and Music by
Effie I. Canning

Rock - a-bye ba - by on the tree - top; When the wind blows the cra - dle will rock, When the bough breaks the cra - dle will fall, And down will come ba - by, cra - dle and all. Oh, rock - a-bye, rock - a-bye, Moth - er is near, Then rock - a-bye, rock - a-bye, noth - ing to fear; For an - gels of slum - ber are hov - er - ing near, So rock - a - bye ba - by, Moth - er is here.

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Little Jack Horner*

Mother Goose — J. W. Elliott

Allegretto con moto

mf

Lit-tle Jack Hor-ner Sat in a cor-ner, Eat-ing a Christ-mas pie: He

mf

f rit. ad lib.

put in his thumb, And pull'd out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am I!"

f

Bobby Shafto*

Mother Goose — Traditional

Moderato

p

1. Bob-by Shaf-to's gone to sea! Sil-ver buck-les on his knee;
2. Bob-by Shaf-to's young and fair, Wav-y is his gold-en hair;

p

mp

He'll come back and mar-ry me, Pret-ty Bob-by Shaf-to!
He's my love for-ev-er more, Pret-ty Bob-by Shaf-to!

mp

* From "No 2. Twice 55 Community Songs" (The Green Book) by permission of C.C. Birchard & Company, Publishers.

The Tailor and the Mouse

English Folk Song

mf

1. There was a tai - lor had a mouse; They
2. The tai - lor tho't the mouse was ill; Hi-did-dle un-kum fee - dle! He
3. The tai - lor tho't the mouse would die; He

mf *f*

lived to - geth - er in one house;
gave him part of a blue pill; Hi did-dle un - kum fee - dle!
baked him in an ap - ple pie;

f

REFRAIN

f

Hi - did-dle un-kum, tar - um, tan-tum! Thro' the town of Ram - say,

f

ff

Hi - did-dle un-kum, o - ver the lea, Hi - did-dle un - kum fee - dle!

ff

The pie was cut, the mouse ran out,
Hi diddle etc.
The tailor followed him about,
Hi diddle etc.

REFRAIN

The tailor found his mouse was dead,
Hi diddle etc.
So he caught another in his stead
Hi diddle etc.

REFRAIN

Acc. from "Junior Laurel Songs", C. C. Birchard & Co., Publishers. Used by permission.

The Waits

Jer. Saville

Merrily

1. Let us all sing, mer-ri-ly sing, Let us all sing, mer-ri-ly sing, Till
2. Fa la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la, Fa la

ech-o a-round us, Ech-o a-round us, ech-o a-round us re-spon-sive shall ring.
la la la la la la, Fa la la la la, fa la la la la, fa la la la la.

From "Grammar School Songs;" Copyright 1917 by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the Publishers.

Limericks

Old Tune

Allegro moderato

1. A can-ner, ex-ceed-ing-ly can-ny, One morn-ing re-marked to his granny: A
2. There was a young man so be-night-ed, He did-n't know when he was slighted, But
3. There was a young la-dy of Ni-ger, Who smiled as she rode on a ti-ger; They re-

can-ner can can An-y-thing that he can, But a can-ner can't can a can, can he?
went to the par-ty And ate just as heart-y As tho' he'd been du-ly in-vit-ed.
turned from the ride With the la-dy in-side, And the smile on the face of the ti-ger.

This tune is adaptable to practically all Limericks.

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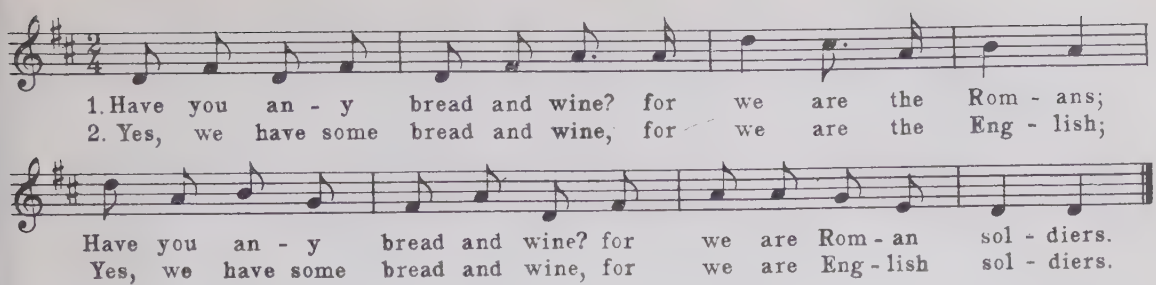
Roman Soldiers*



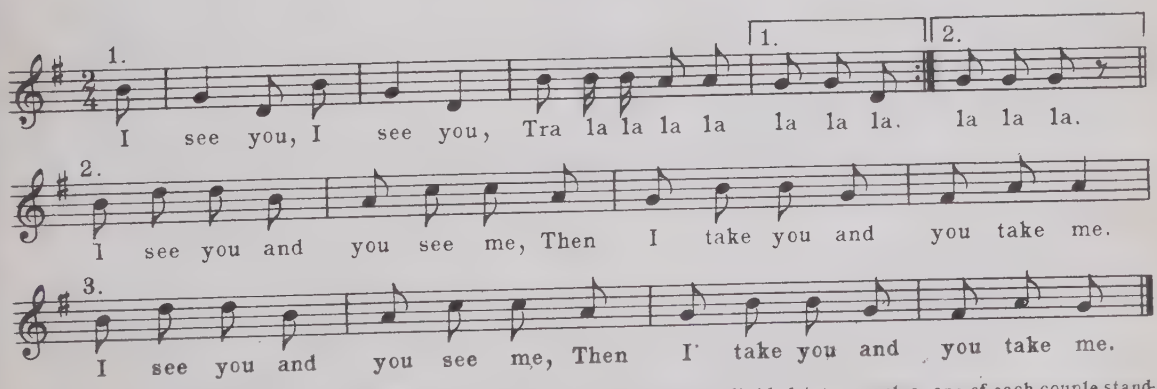
Two lines facing 6 feet apart, hands joined along lines. One line is Roman and one English. The Romans advance and retire on one verse and the English on the next. The advance consists of three steps, bringing heels together on the fourth count. The following verses, or as many as are desired, are sung through the 14th verse, with the same action; after that all the players move in a single line.

3. Then we will have one cup full, for we are the Romans, etc.
4. No you sha'nt have one cup full, for we are the English, etc.
5. Then we will have two cups full, etc.
6. No you sha'nt have two cups full, etc.
7. Then we'll tell our King on you, etc.
8. We don't care for your King nor you, etc.
9. Then we'll send our cats to scratch, etc. *(Suit action to words.)*
10. We don't care for your cats nor you, etc.
11. Then we'll send our dogs to bite, etc. *(Suit action to words.)*
12. We don't care for your dogs nor you, etc.
13. Are you ready for a fight? etc. *(Suit action to words.)*
14. Yes, we're ready for a fight, etc. *(Suit action to words.)*

Both lines then say: "Aim, Fire, Bang!" *and drop to ground, rising for the next verse.*

15. *(Both lines sing)* Now we only have one leg, for we are the (Romans) (English) etc. *(All drag one leg.)*
16. Now we only have one arm, etc. *(Continue dragging leg and hold one arm as if in a sling.)*
17. Now we only have one eye, etc. *(Hold free hand over eye.)*
18. Now we join in happy throng. *(All join hands and skip around, singing much more rapidly.)*

I See You*



Players in two divisions ten feet apart, facing center. Each division divided into couples, one of each couple standing behind the other. Those in front have hands on hips; those in back hands on shoulders of ones in front. (1) Those in rear bend heads alternately to right and left, playing "peek-a-boo" with those in rear in opposite lines. This is done twice slowly and four times quickly, then repeated. (2) All clap hands; those in rear run forward, join both hands with those coming from opposite line, skip vigorously in place. (3) All clap, run to partner and turn with running step, finishing with two divisions again formed, partners having changed places, so those who were behind are now in front.

* From "Twice 55 Games With Music" (The Red Book) by permission of C. C. Birchard & Co., Publishers

Little Ball, Go East or West*

Lit - tle Ball, go east or west, So gai - ly roll a - long;
Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,

You must nev - er stop to rest Un - til we've sung our song;
Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,

When at last we've sung it all And you are hid a - way,
Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,

He(she) must find you Lit - tle Ball, Or in the cen - ter stay.
Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la.

Circle seated on the floor. One in center, eyes shut. A ball is passed from hand to hand behind the backs of the players during the singing of the verse. As the verse ends, the player who has the ball retains it, all players having hands behind the back. The center player then opens eyes and tries to guess who has the ball, while the rest repeat the music with the words "Tra la la," softly if the guesser is far from the ball, louder if nearer. Three guesses are allowed and if successful, the player who has the ball must go to the center; otherwise the game is repeated with the same player in center.

The Virginia Reel*

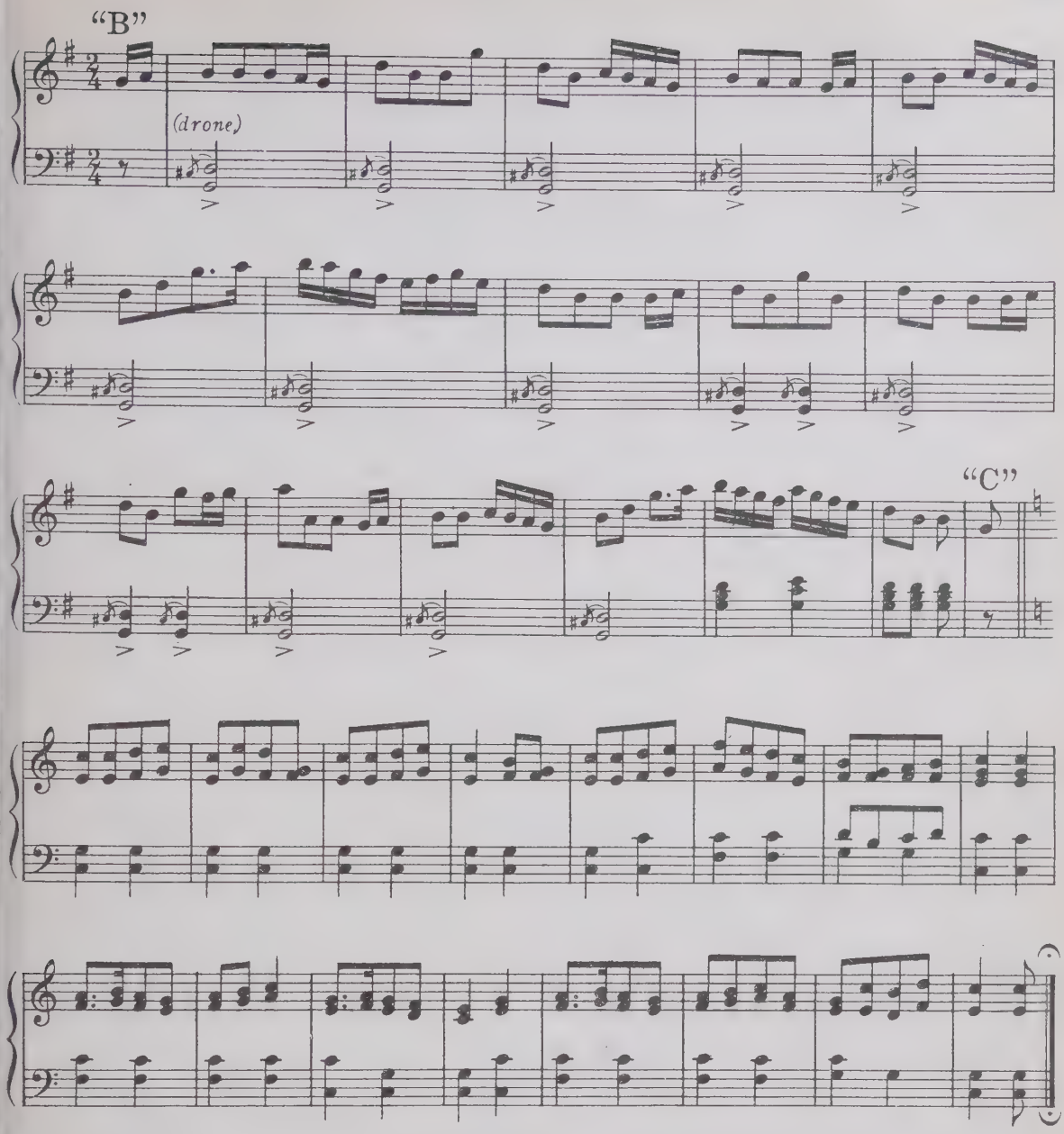
Sir Roger de Coverley

Lively
"A"

1. 2.

1. 2.

* From "Twice 55 Games With Music" (The Red Book) by permission of C. C. Birchard & Co., Publishers.



Couples in *single longways* formation, preferably not more than six couples in a set. In case it is necessary or desirable to have a greater number, it may be danced "double," two ladies and two gentlemen moving together. During the music "A" the following movements are performed by the first lady and last gentleman, and repeated by the first gentleman and last lady:

Forward and back.
Forward and turn with right hand.
Forward and turn with left hand.
Forward and turn with both hands.
Forward and turn back to back.

This part should be timed to end with a phrase of "A" music which continues until the dancers are ready for "B" As this movement begins, first lady turns partner with right hand and they "reel off," lady turning each successive gentleman down the line (her partner turning the corresponding ladies) and alternately turning each other. When the "reel" is complete, they go up the center to places and the March "C" begins, ladies turning to right, gentlemen to left. They march down, clapping hands in time to the music, to where the foot of the set is located, meet partners and up the center to places. First couple then join hands and chassé to foot of set, the other couples joining hands in an arch over first couple. The next couple becomes the first and the dance is repeated until all have acted as first couple. The dance should always conclude with a cheer.

Little Bo-Peep*

J.W. Elliott

Allegretto espressivo

p

1. Lit-tle Bo-Peep has lost her **sheep**, And can't tell where to find them;
2. Lit-tle Bo-Peep fell fast a-**sleep**, And dreamt she heard them bleat-ing;
3. Then up she took her lit-tle crook, De-ter-mined for to find them;

cresc. *f* *dim.*

Leave them a-lone and they'll come home, Wag-ging their tails be-hind them.
When she a-woke 'twas all a joke— Ah, cru-el vi-sion so fleet-ing.
What was her joy to be-hold them nigh, Wag-ging their tails be-hind them!

cresc. *sfz* *dim.*

The Orchestra*

Old Game Song

Ad libitum

1. Oh, we can play on the big bass-drum, And this is the mu-sic to it:
2. Oh, we can play on the bu-gle-horn, And this is the mu-sic to it:
3. Oh, we can play on the dou-ble-bass, And this is the mu-sic to it:
4. Oh, we can play on the vi-o-lin, And this is the mu-sic to it:

f *sfz*

Boom! boom! boom! goes the big bass-drum, And that's the way we do it.
Tan-ta-ta-ra! goes the bu-gle-horn, And that's the way we do it:
Zum-zum-zum, goes the dou-ble-bass, And that's the way we do it.
Fid-dle-dee-dee, goes the vi-o-lin, And that's the way we do it.

5. Too-too-too goes the slide-trombone.
6. Pink-a-pink-a-pank goes the old banjo.
7. *(Whistle)* goes the piccolo.
8. Chink-chink-chink goes the tambourine.
9. **Tink-tink-tink** goes the glockenspiel.
10. Um-pah-pah goes the big bass horn.
11. Zoo-zoo-zoo goes the saxophone.

Explanation: Sing the 1st verse through without observing the repeat mark in 6th measure. Proceed with verse 2, repeating measures 5 & 6, with the words of the 1st verse and ending with 7th & 8th measures. Sing the rest of the verses in the same way, repeating each time at the 6th measure, all the preceding words in measures 5 & 6, and ending with measures 7 & 8.

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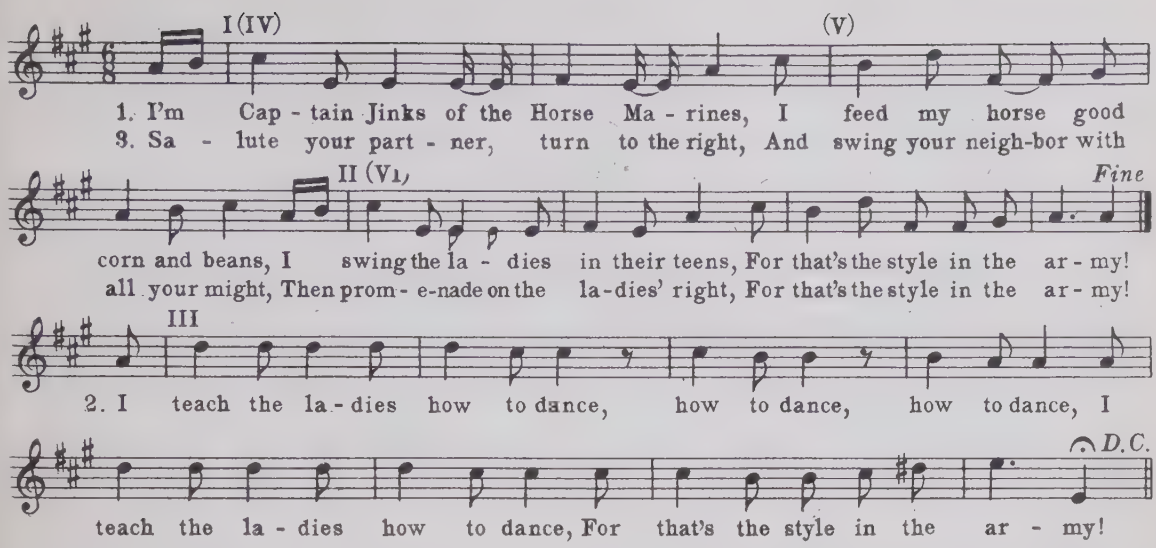
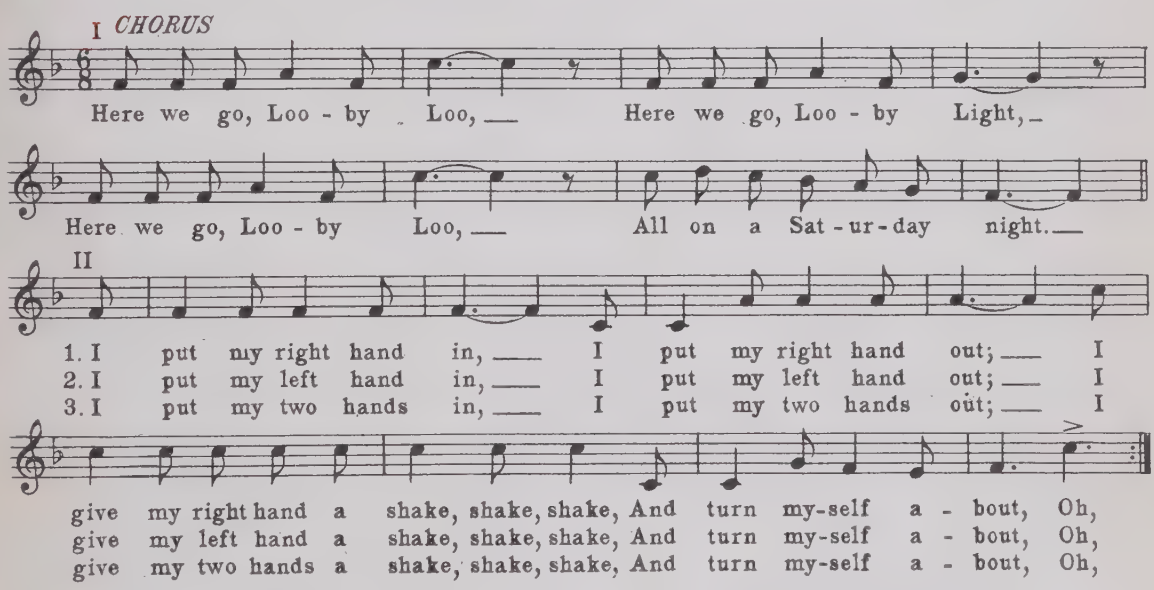
Captain Jinks*



Single circle facing in line of direction, girls in front of men. I. All walk briskly around the circle on first two lines. II. Girls turn, join both hands with partners and turn with eight skipping steps. At word "Army" partners should be standing side by side, inside hands joined, girl on the man's right. III. On second verse all skip around the circle. Partners face ready for third verse. IV. Man bows and girl curtseys, both turn right thus facing cross-wise a new partner. V. Swing this one with 4 skipping steps, finishing beside this new partner, girls on right. VI. All march around the circle and on the word "Army" girls step in front of men, forming single circle. Repeat from beginning with new partner.

Looby Loo*



4. I put my right foot in, etc.
5. I put my left foot in, etc.
6. I put my head 'way in, etc.
7. I put my whole self in, etc.

The play is about a boy who took a hot bath every Saturday night. One night the fire went out and he had to bathe in cold water. (Leader relates this story.) Each player represents the boy. (1) All join hands in a circle and skip to left, repeating this after each verse of pantomime. (2) Pantomime, stand facing center, put right hand in toward center, gingerly; snatch it out, shake it vigorously and turn in place. Repeat as indicated by words of succeeding verses. On last verse all jump into center, out again, shake themselves, turn and finish with a hand clap or whoop.

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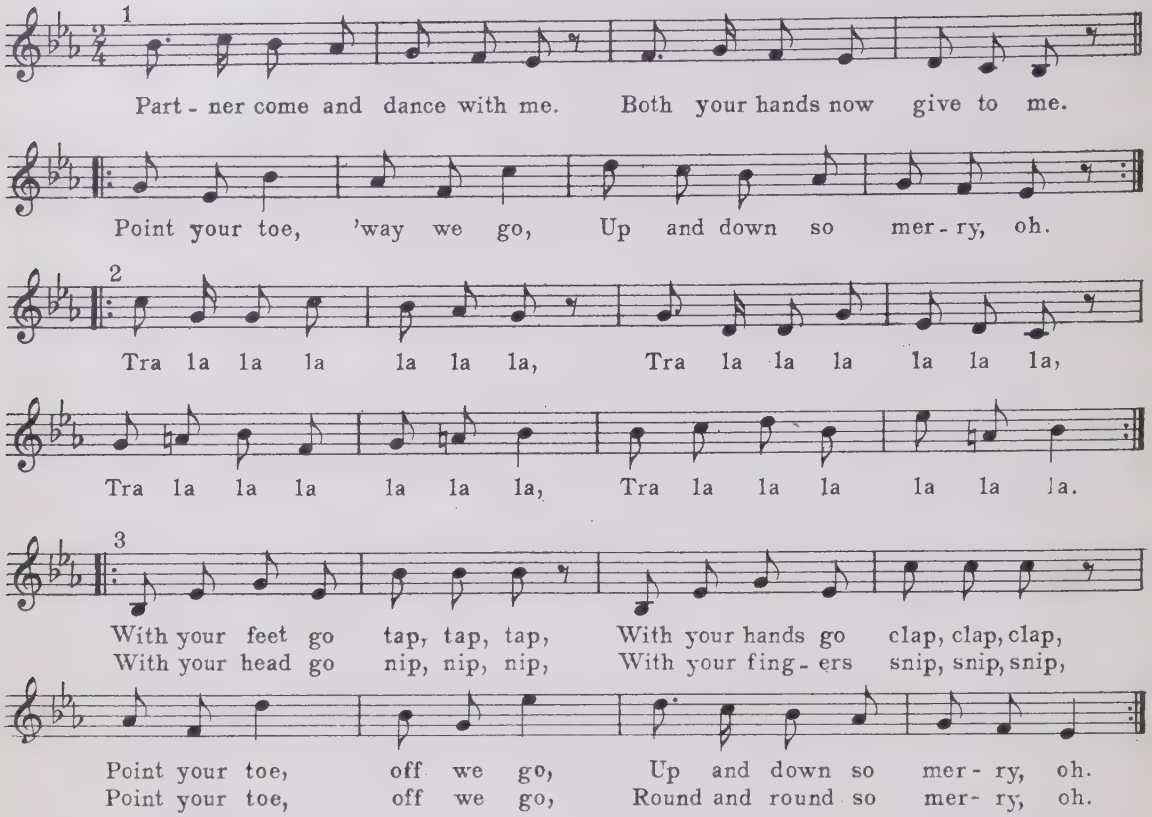
Hansel and Gretel Dance*

Humperdinck



Directions: 1. Players stand in opposite rows facing partners. Two players at the head bow and join hands, heel and toe, and dance up and down the row. 2. Make arch with the hands, while others dance through, back to their places, leaving first couple at foot of the row. 3. All dance, tapping and clapping, joining with opposite partner in a turn. Next couple then begin. Continue until all have danced.

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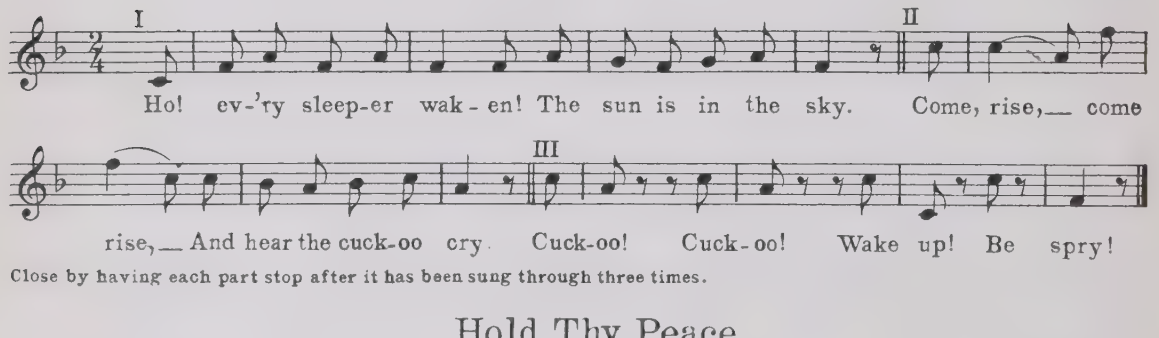
Ho! Every Sleeper Waken

(Round)

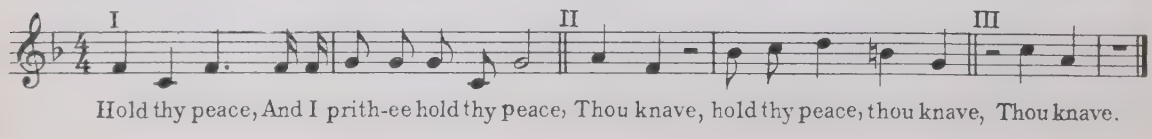
Anon.



Close by having each part stop after it has been sung through three times.

Hold Thy Peace

Shakespeare in "Twelfth Night" (Catch) Old English



Come, Follow!

(Round)

Hilton

Allegro (♩=76)

I

Come, fol - low, fol-low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol-low me.

II

Whith-er shall I fol - low, fol-low, fol - low, Whith-er shall I fol - low, fol-low thee?

III

To the green-wood, to the green-wood, to the green-wood, green-wood tree.

Tree Round

Anon.

I

To ope their trunks the trees are nev - er seen, How

II

then do they put on their robes of green? They leave them out.

III

Lovely Evening

(Round)

Allegro

I

Oh, how love-ly is the eve - ning, is the eve - ning, When the bells are

II

sweet-ly ring - ing, sweet-ly ring - ing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

III

Good Night to You All

(Round)

I

Good night to you all, and sweet be your sleep: May si - lence sur-

II

round you, your slum-ber be deep: Good night, good night, good night, good night.

III

The Rehearsal*

Allegretto

Now for fun and frol - ic, Now for sport and play.—

Cast a - way all trou - ble, 'Tis a hol - i - day.— Tra - la-

la, tra - la - la, tra - la - la, la; Tra - la - la, tra - la - la:— Tra-la -

la, tra - la - la, tra - la - la, la, Tra - la - la, tra - la - la.—

The leader makes pretense of being the conductor of a singing class and stands facing the rest of the players, who are ranged in front of him. They all sing the verse several times, at the same time imitating all the movements of the conductor.

At any time during the singing the conductor may hold up his hand and stop unexpectedly, even in the middle of a syllable. Any player who still continues singing or who does not stop with the conductor must pay a forfeit or become the new conductor. Then the singing recommences. The leader must contribute to the amusement by his burlesque imitation of an irritable chorus conductor.

Sing, Sing Together

(Round)

I

Sing, sing to - geth - er, Mer-ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing,

II III

Sing, sing to - geth - er, Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly sing, Sing, sing, sing, sing!

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The Spider and the Fly*

Old Song (adapted) (Round) W. G. McNaught

Allegretto

I

"Will you come in - to my par- lor?" said the spi - der to the fly,

II

"Tis the pret- ti - est, snug-gest lit-tle par - lor that ev - er you did spy."

III

"Not to - day, hanks, Mis-ter Long — shanks, I've oth - er fish to fry!"

* From "Twice 55 Games With Music" (The Red Book) by permission of C.C. Birchard & Co., Publishers

Haste Thee, Nymph

(Round)

Allegretto

F. Arnold

I Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee Jest and youth-ful jol - li - ty,

II Quips, and cranks, and wan - ton wiles, Nods, and becks, and wreath-ed smiles.

III Sport that wrin-kled care de - rides, And laugh-ter hold - ing both his sides.

Merrily, Merrily

(Round)

I Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly greet the morn: II Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly sound the horn:

III Hark! to the ech-oes, hear them play, IV O'er hill and dale, and far a - way.

Are You Sleeping?

(Round)

Moderato

I Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing? II Broth - er John, Broth - er John,

III Morn-ing bells are ring - ing, IV Morn-ing bells are ring - ing: Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.

Frog Round

I Hear the live - ly song of the II frogs in yon - der pond,

III Krik, krik, krik, krik, krik, krik, IV Brrr um!

Farewell, Dear *

(Round)

I Fare - well, dear,

II Peace be with thee!

III When I'm gone, Then —

IV think of me.

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The Keeper

Traditional

English Folk Song

*Harmonized by Gladys Pitcher**

Divide group in two sections for chorus, one section taking the part of Jackie Boy, the other the part of the Master.

1. A keep-er would a-hunt-ing go, And un-der his cloak he car-ried a bow, All for to shoot at a merrie little doe, A-mong the leaves so_ green, O!
2. The first doe he shot at he missed; The se-cond doe he trimmed he kissed; The third doe_ went where no-bod-y wist, A-mong the leaves so_ green, O!
3. The fourth doe she did cross the plain; The keep-er_ fetched her back_ a-gain; Where she is now she may re-main, A-mong the leaves so_ green, O!
4. The fifth doe she did cross the brook; The keep-er_ fetched her back with his crook; Where she is now you must go_ and_ look, A-mong the leaves so_ green, O!

Jack-ie, boy! Mas-ter? Sing ye well? Ver-y well! Hey down! Ho down! Der-ry, der-ry down! A-mong the leaves so_ green, O! To my hey, down, down! To my ho, down, down! Hey down! Ho down! der-ry, der-ry down! A-mong the leaves so_ green, O!

Da Capo last time

Da Capo

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1150 Accompaniment by permission of C. C. Birchard & Co., Publishers.

Begone, Dull Care!*

Author unknown

Old English

Allegretto

1. Be - gone! dull care! I prith-ee be - gone from me; Be - gone! dull care, You and I shall nev-er a - gree. Long time hast thou been tarry - ing here, And fain thou wouldst me kill, But i' faith, dull care, Thou nev-er shalt have thy will.
2. For too much care Will make a young man turn gray, And too much care Will turn an old man to clay. My wife shall dance and I will sing, So mer-ri - ly pass the day, For I hold it one of the wis - est things, To drive dull care a - way.
3. Be - gone! dull care! I'll none of thy com - pa - ny; Be - gone! dull care, Thou art no pair for me. We'll pass the cheer-ful word a - long, As mer-ri - ly goes the day, And there at night, in a cheer-ful song, We'll drive dull care a - way.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

* From "No 2. Twice 55 Community Songs" (The Green Book). By permission of C. C. Birchard and Co., Publishers.

O, No, John

Somerset Folk Song

Allegro giocoso

1. On yon - der hill there stands a ___ crea - ture, Who she is I
2. My fa - ther was a Span - ish ___ cap - tain, Went to sea a
3. O Mad - am, in your face is ___ beau - ty, On your lips red
4. O Mad - am, since you are so ___ cru - el, And that you do
5. O hark! I hear the church - bells ring - ing, Will you come and

f

do not know; I'll go ___ ask her hand in ___ mar-riage, She must an-swer
month a - go; First he ___ kissed me, then he ___ left me, Bid me al - ways
ros - es grow; Will you take me for your hus-band? Mad-am, an-swer
scorn me so, If I ___ may not be your hus-band? Mad-am, will you
be my wife? Or, dear Mad-am, have you set-tled To live sin-gle

mp

CHORUS

yes or no.
an - swer no.
yes or no.
let me go?
all your life?

O, no, John, no, John, no, ___ John, no!

sfz

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Good-night

(Dobrou noc)

Adagio ♩=50

p

1. Good-night, be-lov - ed, good - night, good - night;
2. Good-night, be-lov - ed, good - night, good - night;

pp

pp

Ped.

God keep you safe in his watch - ful sight. Good - night, dear,
God keep you safe in his watch - ful sight. Good - night, dear,

soft - ly sleep, Sweet be the dreams of your slum - ber deep.
dream of me, And may your dreams ev-er pleas - ant be.

Good - night, dear, soft - ly sleep;
Good - night, dear, dream of me;

Quasi Harp

ppp

pp

Sweet be the dreams of your slum - ber deep.
And may your dreams ev-er pleas - ant be. Good-night, love.

1.

Dobrou noc, má milá, dobrou noc;
Nechť ti je sám Pán Bůh na pomoc
Dobrou noc, dobře spi;
Nechť se ti snívají sladké sny.
Dobrou noc, dobře spi;
Nechť se ti snívají sladké sny.

2.

Dobrou noc, má milá, dobrou noc;
Nechť ti je sám Pán Bůh na pomoc.
Dobrou noc, dobře spi;
Nechť se ti snívají o mně sny.
Dobrou noc, dobře spi;
Nechť se ti snívají o mně sny.
Dobrou noc.

From "Twenty-two Bohemian Folk Songs."
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Maypole Dance*

(Come, Lassie and Lad)

Old English

English Folk Song, 17th Century

Allegretto giocoso

1. Come, las - sie and lad, be blithe and glad, And a - way to the May-pole hie, For
2. You're out, says Dick, not I, says Nick, 'Twas the fid - dler play'd it wrong, 'Tis
3. Good - night, says Hal, good - night, says Sal, Good - night, says Poll to John; Good-

p

ev - 'ry fair has a part - ner there, And the fid - dler's stand - ing by. For
true, says Hugh, and so says Sue, And so says ev - 'ry - one. The
night, says Sue to stal - wart Hugh, Good - night says ev - 'ry - one. Some

cresc.

Wil - ly shall dance with Jane, And John - ny shall dance with Joan, And
fid - dler then be - gan To play the tune a - gain, And
walk'd and some did run, Some loi - ter'd on the way, And

p *cresc.* *p* *cresc.*

f

trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down, And
ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it, trip it to the men, And
bound them-selves by prom - is-es twelve, To meet next hol - i - day, And

f

cresc.

trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down.
ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men.
bound them-selves by prom - is-es twelve, To meet next hol - i - day.

f *cresc.*

* From "No 2. Twice 55 Community Songs" (The Green Book). By permission of C.C. Birchard and Co., Publishers.

Now Is the Month of Maying

Allegro moderato

Thomas Morley

1.Now is the month of May - ing, When mer - ry lads are play - ing.
2.The spring all clad in glad - ness Doth_ laugh at win - ter's sad - ness.
3.Fie then, why sit we mus - ing, Youth's sweet de-light re - fus - ing.

f

1. 2.

Fa la la la la la la la la Fa la la la la la la! la!
Fa la la la la la la la la Fa la la la la la la! la!
Fa la la la la la la la la Fa la la la la la la! la!

Each with his bon - ny lass, A_____
And to the bag - pipe's sound, The_____
Say, dain - ty nymphs, and speak, Shall_____

danc - ing on the grass. Fa la la la la
nymphs tread out the ground. Fa la la la la
we play bar - ley break? Fa la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

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The Keys of Heaven

Traditional

Cheshire Folk Song
Arr. by Gregory Jones *

Allegro moderato

(He) 1. I will give you the keys of heav-en, I will give you the keys of heav-en,
(She) 2. Tho' you give me the keys of heav-en, Tho' you give me the keys of heav-en,
(He) 3. I will give you a coach and six, Six black hors-es as black as pitch,
(She) 4. Tho' you give me a coach and six, Six black hors-es as black as pitch,
(He) 5. I will give you the keys of my heart, And we'll be mar-ried till death doth us part,
(She) 6. Thou shalt give me the keys of your heart, And we'll be mar-ried till death doth us part,

Mad-am will you walk? Mad-am will you talk? Mad-am will you walk and talk with me?
Yet I will not walk, Yet I will not talk, Yet I will not walk and talk with thee.
Mad-am will you walk, Mad-am will you talk, Mad-am will you walk and talk with me?
Yet I will not walk, Yet I will not talk, Yet I will not walk and talk with thee.
Mad-am will you walk, Mad-am will you talk, Mad-am will you walk and talk with me?
I will walk, I will talk, I will walk and talk with thee.

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Accompaniment used by permission of C.C. Birchard & Co.

Stars of the Summer Night

Henry W. Longfellow

J. B. Woodbury *
Arr. by Francis Ames

Andante

p

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az-ure deeps, Hide, hide your gold-en light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in sil-ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

pp

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Lavender's Blue*

Old Tune
Arr. by H. W. Loomis

Allegretto

1. Lav - en - der's blue, dil - ly, dil - ly, lav - en - der's green,
2. Call up your men, dil - ly, dil - ly, set them to work,
3. If it should hap, dil - ly, dil - ly, if it should chance,

When I am King, dil - ly, dil - ly, you shall be Queen.
Some with a rake, dil - ly, dil - ly, some with a fork.
We shall be gay, dil - ly, dil - ly, we shall both dance.

Who told you so, dil - ly, dil - ly, who told you so?
Some to make hay, dil - ly, dil - ly, some to thresh corn,
Lav - en - der's blue, dil - ly, dil - ly, lav - en - der's green,

'Twas my own heart, dil - ly, dil - ly, that told me so.
While you and I, dil - ly, dil - ly, keep our - selves warm.
When I am King, dil - ly, dil - ly, you shall be Queen.

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The Little Brown Church in the Vale

W.S.P.

William S. Pitts

1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No
2. How sweet on a bright Sab - bath morn - ing To

love - li - er place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my
list to the clear ring - ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are

child - hood As the lit - tle brown church in the vale.
call - ing, O come to the church in the vale.

Come to the church in the wild - wood, O

rit. *a tempo*

O come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

rit. *a tempo*

come to the church in the dale;

come, come, come, come, come, come, come, No spot is so dear to my

After 2d verse, repeat Chorus pp

child hood As the lit - tle brown church in the vale.

From "The Golden Book of Favorite Songs." Published by Hall and Mc Creary Company, Chicago, Ill

Oh! Susanna

S.C.F.

Stephen C. Foster

Moderately

1. I___ came to Al - a - ba - ma wid My ban - jo on my
2. I___ had a dream de od - der night, When eb - 'ry - ting was
3. I___ soon will be in New Or - leans, And den I'll look all

knee,___ I'm___ goin' to Lou - si - an - a, My___ true love for to
still;___ I___ thought I saw Su - san - na, A___ com - ing down de
'round,_ And_ when I find Su - san - na, I'll___ fall up - on de

see.___ It___ rain'd all night de day I left, De
hill.___ De___ buck - wheat cake was in her mouth, De
ground. But_ if I do not find___ her, Dis

weath - er it was dry, De_ sun so hot I froze to death; Su -
tear was in her eye; Says I, I'm com - ing from de South, Su -
dark - y'll sure - ly die; And when I'm dead and bur - ied, Su -

CHORUS

san - na don't you cry.
san - na don't you cry. Oh! Su - san - na, oh, don't you cry for
san - na don't you cry.

me, For I'm goin' to Lou - si - an - a wid my ban - jo on my knee.

From "The Gray Book of Favorite Songs." Published by Hall and Mc Creary Company, Chicago Ill.

The Quest

(Nestůjte mládenci)

Allegro (♩.=69)

f

1. Why are you stand-ing out-side, young men? Come in and tell us your quest, — And if you're feel-ing a bit fa-tigued, Sit down and talk while you rest. —
2. We did not come here to rest our-selves, We came to stand up and woo, — Three charming daughters we know you have, We wish to get one from you. —
3. "John, dear, be care-ful and do not choose One who is proud to the core, — For she would not take a step with you, E-ven as far as the door." —
4. "John, dear, be care-ful and do not choose One who can't smile or look bright, — For she might scowl at you ev-'ry day, From ear-ly morn-ing till night." —

Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la. la, la, la, la.

1.
Nestůjte mládenci pod okny,
Pojďte radš do světnice;
Jestli vás nožicky boleji,
Sedněte na židlice. — Tra, la, la, atd.

2.
Neber si, Jeníčku, takovou,
Která je tuze pyšná;
Neb ona by ani za tebou
Ze dveří ven nevyšla. — Tra, la, la, atd.

3.
My jsme k vám nepřišli posedět,
My jsme k vám přišli postát;
Vy máte tři hezké dcerušky,
My chceme jednu dostat. — Tra, la, la, atd.

4.
Neber si, Jeníčku, takovou,
Která je zamračená;
Neb ona by se ti mračila
Od rána do večera. — Tra, la, la, atd.

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Deep River

Negro Spiritual

Moderato

mp

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,

mp

Moderato

mp

I want to cross over into Camp-ground.

Fine

Deep river, Lord, I want to cross into Camp-ground.

Fine

mf poco animato

Oh don't you want to go to the gospel feas', That promised Land where
Oh, when I get to heav'n I will walk about, There's no one there to

mf poco animato

p *mf*

all is peace? Lord, I want to cross over into Camp-ground! Lord, I
turn me out. Lord, I want to cross over into Camp-ground! Lord, I

p *mf*

cresc. *rit.* *f* *p* *a tempo* *rit.* D.C.

want to cross over into Camp-ground! Lord, I want to cross over into Camp-ground!

cresc. *rit.* *f* *p* *a tempo* *rit.*

Jacob's Ladder

Negro Spiritual

Andante

p SOPRANO I & II

1. We are climb - ing Ja - cob's lad - der, We are climb - ing Ja - cob's lad - der, We are climb - ing Ja - cob's lad - der, Sol - dier of the cross.

p ALTO

Andante

p

mp

mf

pp

2. ‖: Every round goes high and higher, :‖
Soldier of the cross.

3. ‖: Sinner, do you love my Jesus? :‖
Soldier of the cross.

4. ‖: If you love him, why not serve him? :‖
Soldier of the cross.

5. ‖: Do you think I'll make a soldier? :‖
Soldier of the cross.

6. ‖: Rise, shine, give God glory, :‖
Soldier of the cross.

7. ‖: We are climbing high and higher, :‖
Soldier of the cross.

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Sanctus *

Stephen Elvey

(2nd Sop. divide)

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord God of Hosts; Heaven and earth are

full of thy glo-ry, Glo-ry be to Thee, O Lord most high. A - men.

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Lord, Have Mercy upon Us*

(Response)

G. J. Elvey

Lord, have mer-cy, have mer-cy up-on us, And in-cline our hearts to keep this law. A - men.

* Used by permission of the Parish Choir, Boston, Mass.

We Give Thee but Thine Own

(St. Andrew)

William Walsham How
1858

Joseph Barnby
1866

We give Thee but thine own, What - e'er the gift may be; All

that we have is thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee. A - men.

From "The Hymnal for American Youth." Used by permission of The Century Co.

Thanks Be to Him

(Grace)

Maltbie D. Babcock*

Jane Blinn

Back of the loaf is the snow - y flour, And back of the flour the

mill, And back of the mill is the wheat and the shower, The

sun, and the Fa - ther's will. Thanks be to Him for all his care.
(or) A - men, A - men.

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We Thank Thee, Lord

(Grace)

Robert Schumann
1833

We thank Thee, Lord, for dai - ly bread, As by thy grace our souls are fed.

Grant us to grow more like to Thee, This day and through e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

As the Sun Doth Daily Rise

(Grace)

Anonymous, Latin
Monkland

Arr. by John B. Wilkes
1861

1. As the sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright - 'ning all the morn - ing skies,
2. Day by day pro - vide us food, For from Thee came all things good.

So to Thee with one ac - cord, Lift we up our hearts, O Lord.
Strength un - to our souls af - ford, From thy liv - ing Bread, O Lord. A - men

The Lord's Prayer

Smith College Chant*

Voices in Unison

1. Our Father who art in Heaven, *hal*lowed | be thy | name || Thy kingdom come, Thy will be *done* on | earth as it | is in | Heaven;

obligato

2. Give us this *day* our | dai - ly | bread || And forgive us our *debts* as | we for - | give our | debtors;

Adagio

3. And lead us not into temptation, *but* de- | liver us from | evil || For thine is the kingdom, and the *power*, and the | glory for - | ever, A - | men! || *A - men!*

f

* Used by permission.

Lord of Life

(Grace)

Written for the Girls of Voorhees Hall, Coe College, by Risser Patty*

Lord, of Life the Foun - tain Head, By thy hand must we be fed.

As we bow in grat - i - tude, Lord, we thank Thee for this food. A - men. A - men.

* Used by permission.

Hear Our Prayer

(Response)

George Whelpton*

pp

Hear our prayer, O Lord, Hear our prayer, O Lord;

In - cline thine ear to us, And grant us thy peace. A - men.

*Copyright 1903 by George Whelpton
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Te Deum Laudamus

Anonymous
4th Century

Joseph Barnby
1838-1896

We praise Thee, O God, We ac - knowl - edge Thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth wor - ship Thee, The Fa - ther ev - er - last - ing. A - men.

From "The Hymnal for American Youth." Used by permission of The Century Company

The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee *

Numbers 6: 24-26

Lucy Rider Meyer

The Lord bless thee and keep thee! The Lord make his face shine up - on thee, And be gra - cious un - to thee,— And be gra - cious un - to thee.— The Lord lift up his coun - te-nance, His coun-te-nance up - on thee And give thee peace. And give thee peace.

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Teach Us to Pray

(Prayer Response)

Anon.

Melody in Alto

slight crescendo

pp

Teach us to pray, Teach us to pray, This our re-quest shall be, Teach us to pray.

(Altos divide)

'Tis Not by Might

(Response)

Emily Coriell*

Friedrich F. Flemming

'Tis not by might, Tho' hearts with might have striv - en, Nor yet by

power that strength to us is giv - en; But by my spir - it,

Saith the Lord of Heav - en. Help us to heed thy word. A - men.

* The words are based on the motto of the World's Committee of the Y.W.C.'

O, Give Thanks

(Two Part Round)

I

O, give thanks, O, give thanks, O, give thanks un - to the Lord, for He is

II

gra-cious and his mer - cy en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er.

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O Beautiful for Spacious Skies

(America the Beautiful)

Katharine Lee Bates
1904

William W. Sleeper★
1908

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sion'd stress
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years

1. O beau - ti-ful for spa-cious skies,
2. O beau - ti-ful for pil-grim feet,
3. O beau - ti-ful for he-roes proved,
4. O beau - ti-ful for pa-triot dream,

For pur - ple moun-tain ma - jes-ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor - ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un-dimm'd by hu - man tears!

A - mer-i - ca! A - mer-i - ca! God shed his grace on thee
A - mer-i - ca! A - mer-i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer-i - ca! A - mer-i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer-i - ca! A - mer-i - ca! God shed his grace on thee

And crown
Con-firm
Till all
And crown

And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib-er - ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

thy good with
thy soul in
suc - cess be
thy good with

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Pippa's Song

Robert Browning

Allegro molto *With enthusiasm* W.W.Gilchrist

mf *cresc.* *a* *poco*

The year's at the Spring, And day's at the morn;

mf *cresc.* *a* *poco* *simile*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

poco *f* *cresc.*

Morn-ing's at sev'n, The hill-side's dew-pearl'd; The lark's on the wing; The

poco *f* *cresc.*

a *poco* *ff* *dim.* *f*

snail's on the thorn; God's in his heav'n, All's

a *poco* *ff* *dim.* *f*

cresc. *molto* *ff*

right with the world.

cresc. *molto* *ff* *dim.* *sf*

l.h.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. ✻

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Love's on the Highroad

Dana Burnet *

From Baptiste's "Pilgrim Song"
Arr. by Ira B. Wilson

Love's on the high-road, Love's in the by-road, Love's on the

mead-ow and Love's in the mart! And down ev-'ry by-way where I've tak-en

my way, I've 'met Love a-smil-ing For Love's in my heart.

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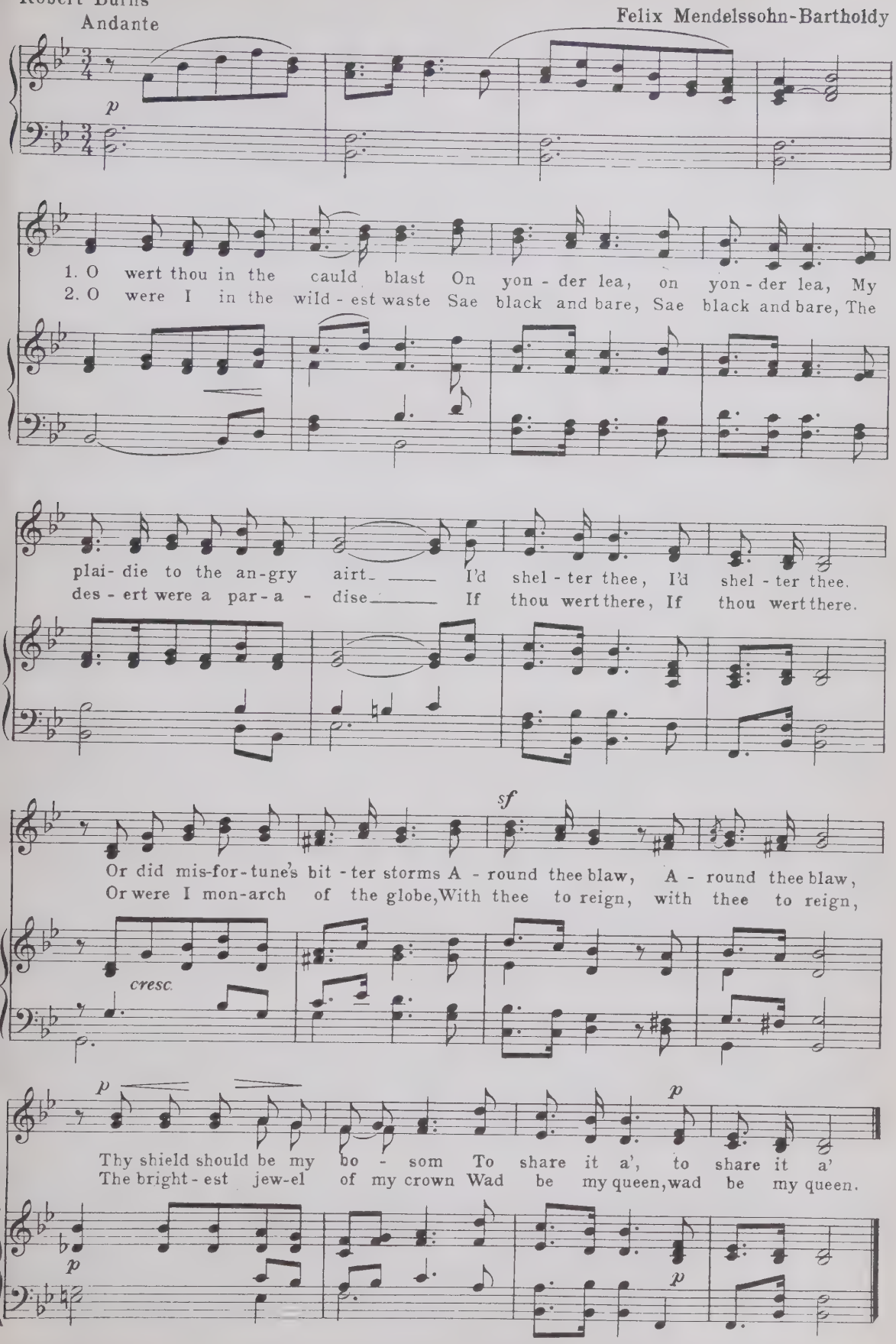
O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast

Robert Burns

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy



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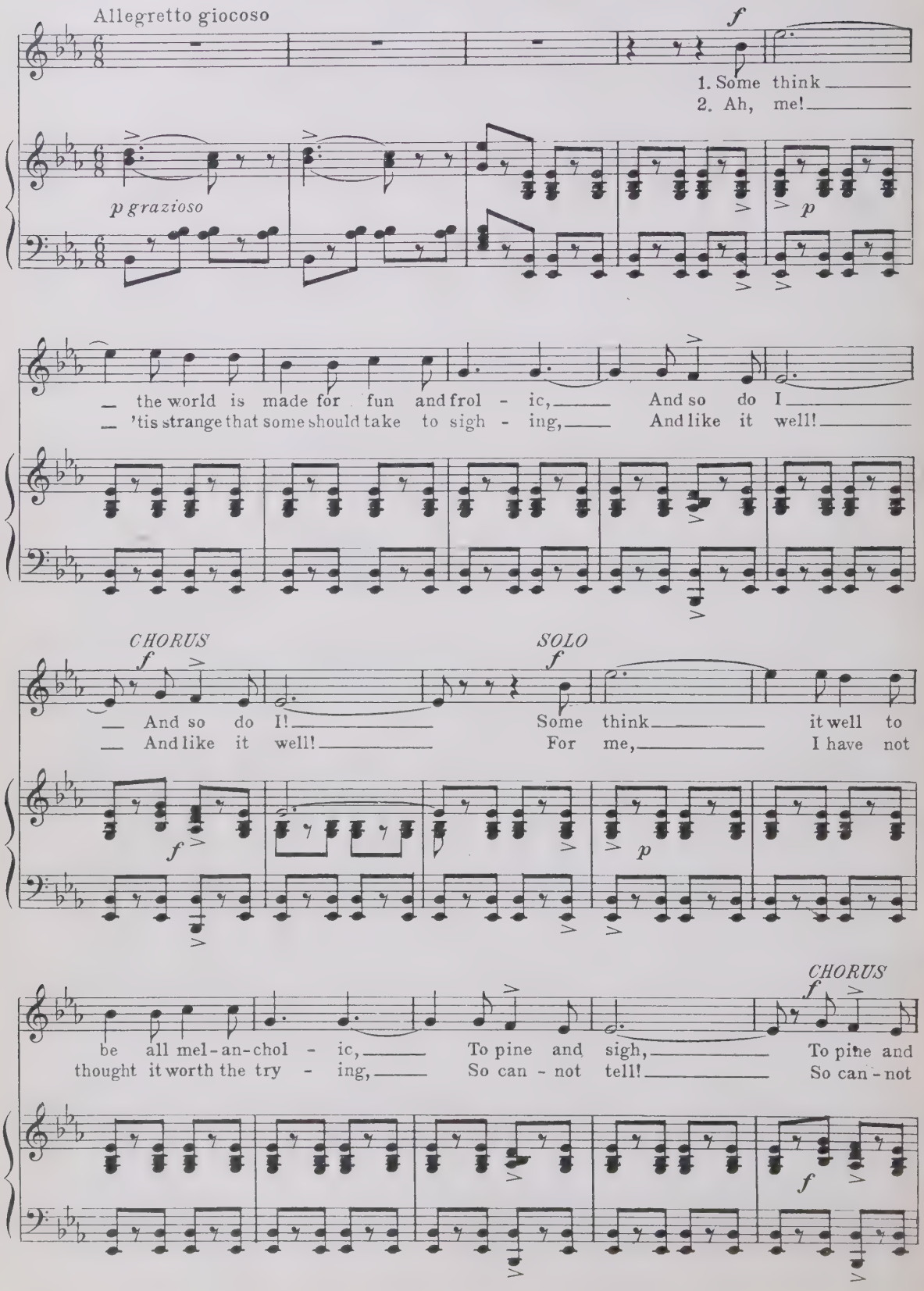
A Merry Life

From the Italian

Denza



SOLO p

sigh; But I, I love to spend my time in
tell! With laugh and dance and song, the day soon

p

sing - ing Some joy - ous song, Some joy - ous song;
pass - es, Full soon is gone, Full soon is gone;

SOLO

— To set the air with mu - sic brave - ly ring - ing
— For mirth was made for joy - ous lads and lass - es

CHORUS

f

— Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!
— To call their own! To call their own!

f

f *1st time SOLO*

Hark - en! Hark - en! Mus - ic sounds a - far!

f

Hark - en! Hark - en! Mus - ic sounds a - far!

f

Hark - en! Hark - en! Mu - sic sounds a - far! Tra-la - la-

Hark - en! Hark - en! Mu - sic sounds a - far! Tra-la - la-

p cres -

ten

la, tra - la - la - la, tra-la - la - la, tra-la - la - la!

la, tra - la - la - la, tra-la - la - la, tra-la - la - la!

cen - - - *do* *col canto*

f

Joy is ev - 'ry - where, Tra-la - la - la, tra la - la - la.

Joy is ev - 'ry - where, Tra-la - la - la, tra la - la - la.

f

My Love's an Arbutus

Harmonized by Stanford
Arr. by Geo. Lowell Tracy

Allegretto con moto

legato

1. My love's an ar - bu - tus By the bor-ders of Lene, So slen - der and
2. But tho' rud-dy the ber - ry, And snow-y the flow'r, That bright-en to -

cresc.

shape-ly in her gir-dle of green, And I mea - sure the plea - sure Of her
geth - er The ar - bu-tus bow'r, Per - fum - ing and bloom-ing Thro'

f *dim.* *rit.*

eyes' sap - phire sheen, By the blue skies that spar-kle Thro' the soft branch-ing screen.
sun - shine and show'r, Give me her bright lips And her laugh's pearl - y dow'r.

pp

3. A - las, fruit and blos-som Shall lie dead on the lea, And time's jeal-ous

rall. *cresc.* *f*

fin-gers Dim your young charm, ma-chree; But un-rang - ing, un - chang-ing, You'll

dim.

still cling to me, Like the ev - er-green leaf To the ar - bu - tus tree.

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Nearest and Dearest

(Tuscan Folk Song)

Text adapted by Sidney Rowe

Luigi Caracciolo

Allegretto con brio

SOPRANO

ALTO

On Mon - day morn I think my love is

pp

mp

And yet my love on Tues - day seems sin - cer - est;

dear - est,

But on a

Till Thurs-day brings our meet-ing one day near - er.

We'n's-day, oh, my love is dear - er,

mf con brio

Then thou art near - er, Then thou art dear - er!

mf con brio

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Ah!

p

p

Now Fri - day's here, I think my love is

Yet we have vowed that Sat - ur - day's the one day;

sweet - est, When Sun - day

Ah! yes, my love is near-er, dear-er Sun-day!

comes we walk in all our neat - est,

mf *con brio*

Then thou art near - est, Then thou art dear - est! Ah!

mf con brio

Then thou art near - est, near -

mf

p

est! Then thou art dear - est, dear - est!

rit.

mf

colla voce

a tempo

f

Ped. Ped. Ped.

A Streamlet Full of Flowers

Luigi Caracciolo

In moderate time

mf

SOPRANO

1. A stream-let full of flow - ers blow - ing sweet - ly,
2. The moon - lit dawn when day and stars are meet - ing,

That is an im - age of the one I love com - plete - ly;
Is like the glance that set my lov - ing heart a - beat - ing;

ALTO

An al - mond bough where birds are sing - ing clear - ly,
The lark that waked that day had nev - er moved me

DUET

p

That is an im - age of the one I love so dear - ly.
As did the trem - bling voice that whis - perd how you loved me.

O

pp

fair one, O rare one! I love you, I love you, I love you.

pp

pp

In all the whole wide world, what could I set a - bove you! bove you!

1. D.C. 2.

D.C.

Amaryllis

(Air du Roi Louis XIII)

Words by M. Louise Baum

Transcribed by Henry Ghys
Adapted and Arranged by N. Clifford Page

Allegro moderato

p SOPRANO I & II

"Am - a - ryl - lis, blithe and gay, You are sweet as mur - mur-ing

p ALTO

Allegro moderato (♩=120)

p

wind, Fair - er far than flow'rs of May, And than June's own sun-shine more

mf

kind. Your low voice is like the brook, Ech - oed 'neath the sum - mer - y

mf

mf

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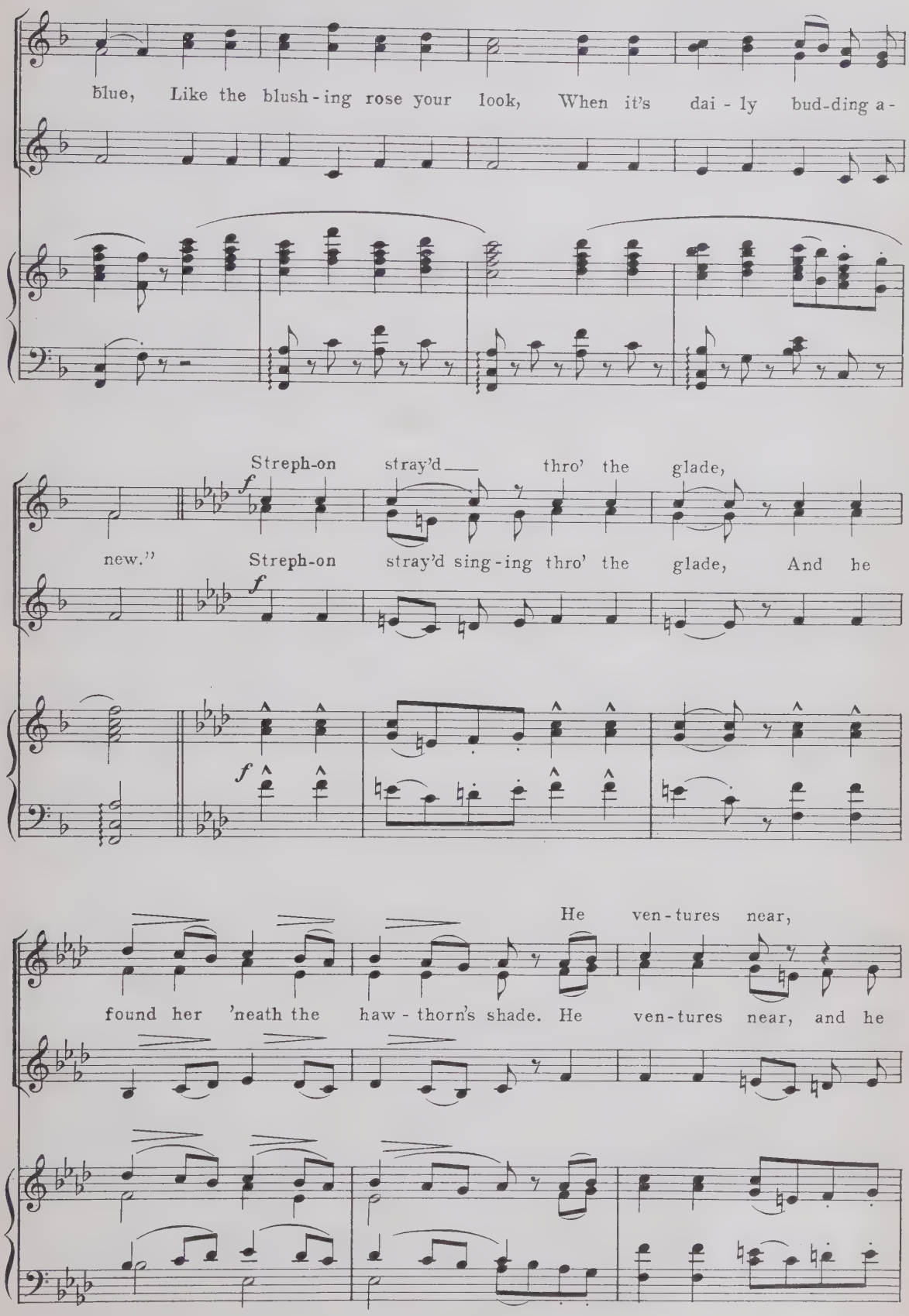
blue, Like the blush-ing rose your look, When it's dai-ly bud-ding a-
Streph-on stray'd thro' the glade,
new." Streph-on stray'd sing-ing thro' the glade, And he
He ven-tures near,
found her 'neath the haw-thorn's shade. He ven-tures near, and he

says "My dear,— *poco rit.*

says "My dear,— Deign my tale of— love to hear!—

poco rit.

poco rit. *sf*

p a tempo

Ev - 'ry shep-herd near and far, Pipes your prais - es, pipes them with

p a tempo

pipes with

p a tempo

f

art;— Tho' they name you 'guid - ing star,'— I a -

f

art;

f

Meno

pp lightly

lone am faith-ful of heart."

"Streph - on,

Melody in Alto

"Streph-on!" I hear the maid de-

Meno

but praise is pleas-ant, pip-ing sweet.

clare, "Prais-es are kind and pip-ing is sweet; If gen-tle

Ped. ✻

rit.

Shall I e'er lack a swain at my feet?

rit.

swains are ev-'ry-where, How shall I ev-er lack one at my feet?

rit.

Ped. ✻

Tempo I

"Streph-on, say," cried she, gay,

f vigoroso

"Streph-on, say," cried the maid-en gay, "To the oth-ers why must

f vigoroso

Tempo I

f vigoroso

"Each lad, like you, calls un-true;" *poco rit. e dim.*

I say nay? Each lad, like you, calls the rest un-true; Why trust an-y who

poco rit. e dim.

poco rit. e dim.

mf

comes to woo?"

mf

Meno

pp very lightly and daintily

Now Streph-on, all sad-ly

mf marcato

Strephon is left here all a-lone, Sad-ly he

Meno

mf

mf

Ped. *

a - lone, is sigh - ing. "Tis true love

sighs, as now he tunes his lay, "Maid - en - ly hearts are made of

rit.

that rash - ly she threw a - way!"

rit.

stone, Faith - ful and ten - der the love she throws a - way!"

rit.

Ped. ✻

p Tempo I

Am - a - ryl - lis soon comes back, Thinks young Streph-on's wait - ing her

p

Tempo I

p

still,— But he's off on Flo - ra's track, Where she's sing - ing o - ver the

f

hill. Am - a - ryl - lis, laugh - ing light, Hies her home - ward to hum - ble

f

f

poco a poco rit. *allargando*

cot,— If love's lost when out of sight, Bet - ter lose than keep it, I wot!

poco a poco rit. *allargando*

poco a poco rit. *allargando*

Ped. *sf* ✻

Morning Song

Clinton Scollard

Harvey Worthington Loomis

Allegro giocoso

mp

1. Ev-'ry globe of dew Like an o - pal lies Un-der - neath the
2. Ev-'ry lyr - ic stream Sings and sings and sings; From the depths of
3. So, a - way with sleep! Du-ties must be done Ere the mo - ments

mp

mp *legato*

blue O - ver - bend - ing skies; Ev-'ry lit - tle bird Breathes a
dream Ev-'ry blos - som springs; Shows the but - ter - fly, As it
creep From us one by one! On - ly slug - gards shirk; We must

mf *p*

mf *mp*

mf *sempre legato* *mp*

As it flies.
Gold - en wings.
With the sun!

pp

sil - v'ry word, As it flies, as it flies, as it flies.
danc - es by, Gold-en wings, gold-en wings, gold-en wings.
wake and work With the sun, with the sun, with the sun!

pp

mp

Ped. ✻

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One Summer Morn

Goetze
Arr. by Frank Belknap

Moderato

1. It was one sum - mer morn so clear, The bright - est morn of all the year, We wan - der'd through the gold - en grain, O'er bloom - ing hill and grass - y plain. The lark it sang, the
2. We walked in si - lence side by side, Our hearts were full, our hearts were glad; Thy dear com - pan - ion - ship had made More bright the paths thro' which we strayed, Deep in my heart the

Moderato

p

poco a

poco a

poco a

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poco cresc. rit. f

sun it beamed, Its rays o'er mount and val - ley gleamed, O
friend-ship true Out - shone the sun in Heav - en's blue, O

poco cresc. rit. f

poco cresc. rit. f

Ped. ✻

a tempo f

hap - py day, so bright, so clear, Thou bring-est joy for all the year;
hap - py day, so bright, so clear, Thou bring-est joy for all the year; O

a tempo f

a tempo f

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

ff rit.

hap - py day, so bright, so clear, Thou bring-est joy for all the year.

ff rit.

ff rit.

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

Spring

(from Minuet in G)

L. van Beethoven

Arr. by Elizabeth Gest

Moderato con grazia

SOPRANO I

mp

Oh, the flow'rs are bloom-ing ev-'ry-where. In the spring, in the

SOPRANO II

mp

ALTO

Moderato con grazia

mp

spring,

And the birds are sing-ing ev-'ry-where, Sing-ing ev-'ry-where in the

f

And my heart sings too, My heart makes songs for you, For my

f

spring. And my heart sings too, My heart makes songs for you, For my

f

f

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love re-turns with flow'rs and birds, In the spring, in the spring.

love re-turns with flow'rs and birds, In the spring, in the spring.

poco più mosso

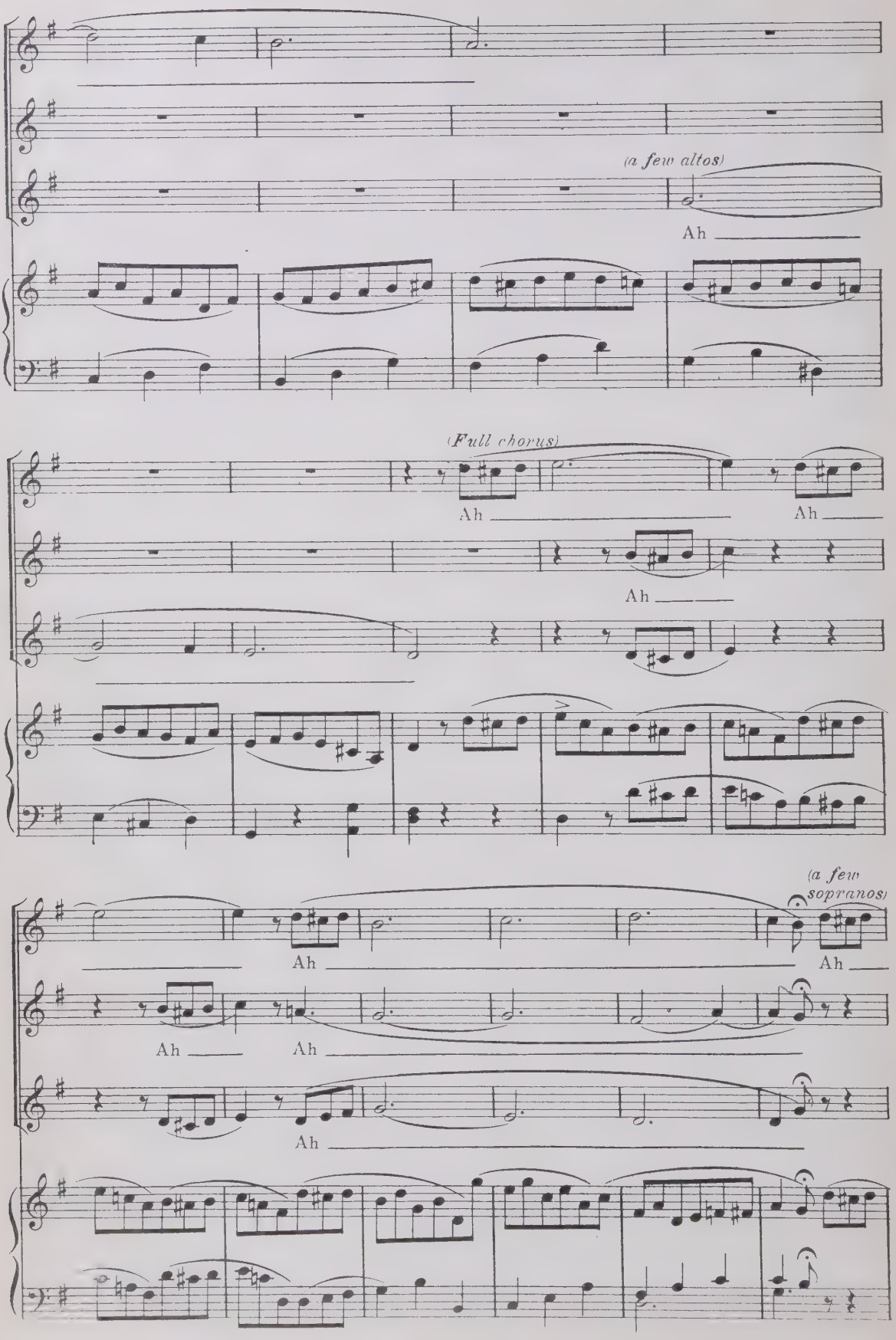
p Ah

p *poco più mosso*

(a few sopranos)

Ah

Ah


(a few altos)
Ah
(Full chorus)
Ah
Ah
Ah
(a few sopranos)
Ah
Ah
Ah
Ah
Ah

(Full chorus)

Ah

Ah

Ah

(a few altos)

Ah

Ah

Ah

Ah

Ah

Ah

Ah

Tempo I

Yes, the flow'rs are bloom-ing ev-'ry-where, Bright and gay, bright and gay,

And the

Tempo I

f

And my

f

birds are sing-ing ev-'ry-where, Sing-ing ev-'ry-where all the day. And my

f

f

heart sings too, My heart makes songs for you, For my

p

heart sings too, My heart makes songs for you, For my

p

p

p

love is sing-ing with the birds, All the day, all the day.

love is sing-ing with the birds, All the day, all the day.

Swing Song

G. Clifton Bingham

Frederic N. Löhr

Andante cantabile ♩ = 69

mf *leggiere*

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

Swing, swing, swing,

Swing, swing, swing,

p *dolce*

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

Un-der the ap-ple-bough's shad - ow, Song of bird nigh, Moon in the sky,

Un-der the ap-ple-bough's shad - ow, Song of bird nigh, Moon in the sky,

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

cresc.

Soft sum-mer's haze on the mead - ow. Swing, swing, swing,

Soft sum-mer's haze on the mead - ow.

cresc.

While with a mur-mur-ous sigh - ing

While with a mur-mur-ous sigh - ing Trem-u-lous trees move in the breeze,

dolce *mf*

Low to its mu-sic re - ply - ing. Swing, swing, swing.

dolce

Low to its mu-sic re - ply - ing. Swing, swing,

dolce *mf*

mf

Let the world ebb, let the world flow,

swing. *mf*

Let the world ebb, let the world flow,

p *mf*

Ped.

dolce *cresc.*

Sweet - er the hour soon - er to go. Swing, swing, now high, now low,

dolce *cresc.*

Sweet - er the hour soon - er to go. Swing, swing,

dolce *cresc.*

Ped. *

p rall. *a tempo* *mf*

La - zi - ly, dream - i - ly to — and fro. — Swing, swing, swing,

p rall. *a tempo* *mf*

La - zi - ly, dream - i - ly to — and fro. — Swing, swing, swing,

p rall. *a tempo* *mf*

Ped.

rall. e dim.

swing, swing. —

rall. e dim.

swing, swing, swing. —

rall. e dim. *mf a tempo*

Ped. Ped.

Swing, swing,

Swing, swing,

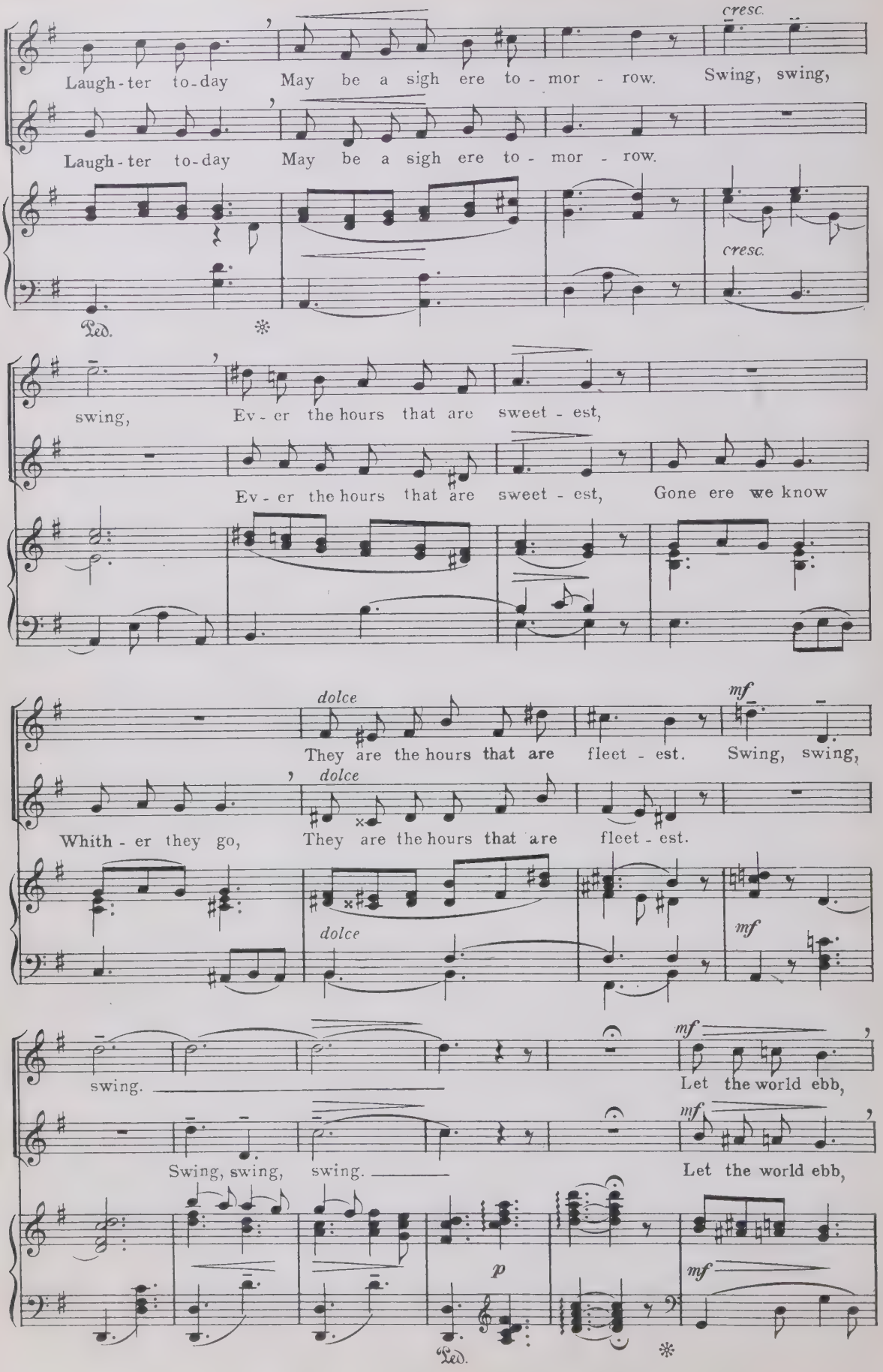
leggiere *dim.* *p* *dolce*

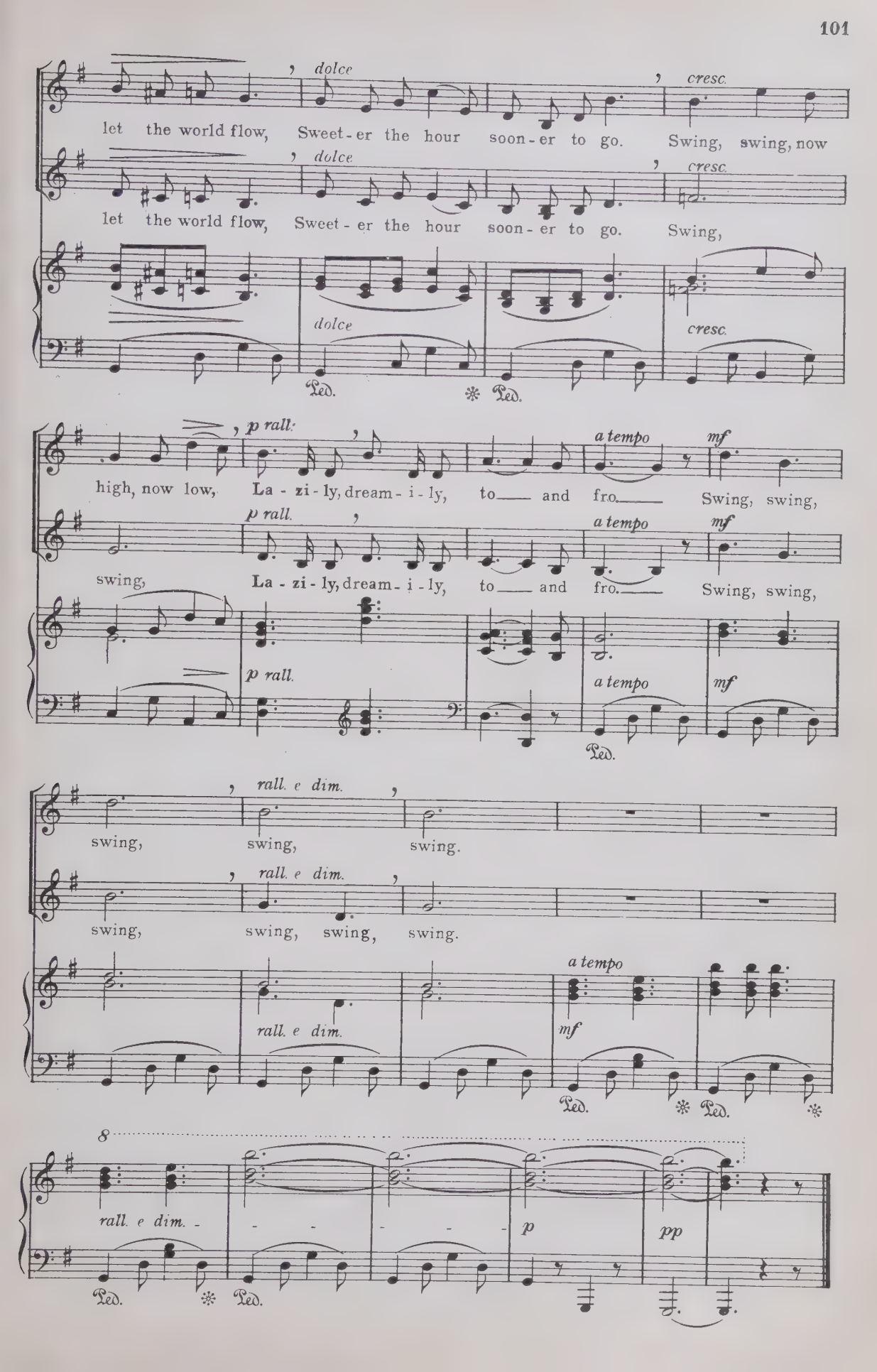
Ped. Ped.

swing, Smile, all for - get - ful of sor - row, Sing while we may,

swing, Smile, all for - get - ful of sor - row, Sing while we may,

Ped. Ped. Ped.


cresc.
Laugh - ter to - day May be a sigh ere to - mor - row. Swing, swing,
Laugh - ter to - day May be a sigh ere to - mor - row.
cresc.
Ped.
swing, Ev - er the hours that are sweet - est,
Ev - er the hours that are sweet - est, Gone ere we know
dolce
mf
They are the hours that are fleet - est. Swing, swing,
dolce
Whith - er they go, They are the hours that are fleet - est.
dolce
mf
swing.
mf
Let the world ebb,
Swing, swing, swing.
mf
Let the world ebb,
p
mf
Ped.


dolce
cresc.
let the world flow, Sweet-er the hour soon-er to go. Swing, swing, now
let the world flow, Sweet-er the hour soon-er to go. Swing,
dolce
cresc.
Ped.
p rall.
a tempo
mf
high, now low, La-zi-ly, dream-i-ly, to and fro. Swing, swing,
swing, La-zi-ly, dream-i-ly, to and fro. Swing, swing,
p rall.
a tempo
mf
Ped.
rall. e dim.
swing, swing, swing.
swing, swing, swing, swing.
rall. e dim.
a tempo
mf
Ped.
8
rall. e dim.
p
pp
Ped.

On Wings of Music

Words by W. Bartholomew
from the German of H. Heine

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
Arr. by N. Clifford Page

Andante tranquillo

p SOPRANO

On wings of mu - sic roam - ing, With thee, my sis - ter, I glide
(There) blue - eyed vi - o - lets ly - ing, Look up to the stars with de - light;

ALTO

Andante tranquillo

p

p

Where the gay flow-ers are
There the musk ros - es are

mf

Oh,
There

mf

bloom - ing, On banks by the Gan - ges tide.
sigh - ing Fond se - crets like fays of the night.

sf

p

mf

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p

there in a gar-den of ros - es, While moon - beams calm - ly
light-foot - ed an - te - lopes hid - ing, Lie crouch - ing read - y to

p

p

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

cresc.

shine, The lo - tus flow - er un - clos - es Her
leap, While on in dis - tance glid - ing, The

The lo - tus flow - er un-
While on in dis - tance

cresc.

f *dim.*

eye to gaze on thine, The lo - tus flow - er un -
riv - er seeks the deep, While on in dis - tance

f *dim.*

clos - es Her eye to gaze on thine, The
glid - ing, The riv - er seeks the deep, While

f *dim.*

poco rit. p *a tempo*

clos - - - es Her eye to gaze on thine.
glid - - - ing, The riv-er seeks the deep.

dim. *poco rit. p* *a tempo*

lo - tus flow - er un - clos - es Her eye to gaze on thine.
on in dis - tance glid - ing, The riv-er seeks the deep.

poco rit. p *a tempo* *cresc.*

1

2. There

f *dim.* 1 *p*

2 *p*

3. Re - clin-ing with thee, while night gleams Un-der the spread-ing

p

2

cresc.

palms, We woo the pow - er of bright dreams, To

cresc.

We woo the pow - er of

cresc.

f

shed their heav - en - ly charms, To

f

bright dreams, To shed their heav - en - ly charms, To

f

mf

shed their heav - en - ly charms, *p* Their

mf

shed their heav - en - ly charms,

mf *p*

poco rit.

heav'n - - - ly charms.

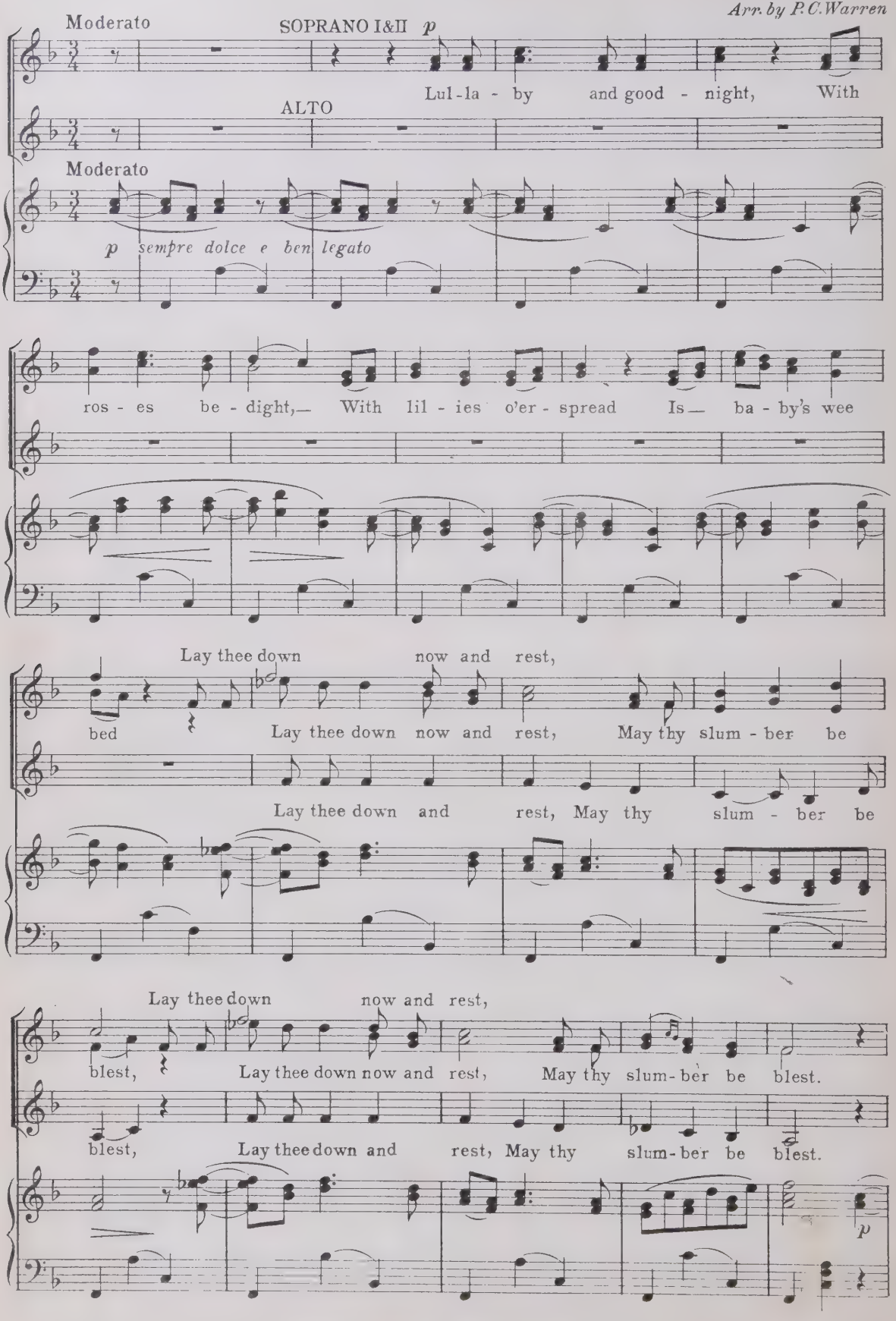
poco rit.

Their heav'n - ly charms.

poco rit. *pp*

Lullaby

Johannes Brahms
Arr. by P. C. Warren



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Lul-la - by and good - night, Thy moth - er's de-

(closed lips)

Hm

light, Fair an - gels a - bove Will guard thee in love; They will

Hm

keep thee from harms,

They will keep thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms; They will

They will keep a - way all harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms;

keep thee from harms,

they will keep thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms.

They will keep a - way all harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms.

The Night Wind

Eugene Field*

Henry Hadley

(♩=66)

p

For first and second verses

1. Have you ev - er heard the wind go "Yoo-oo, ___ Yoo-oo," 'Tis a
2. My ___ moth - er told me long a - go, ___ a - go, ___ When I
3. That ___ this ___ was ___ true, I (*Omit* ___)

For first and second verses

For third verse

(*Omit* ___) pit - i - ful song to hear, ___ It
(*Omit* ___) was ___ a lit - tle lad, ___ That
must al - low, I must al - low, You'll not ___ be - lieve it though, Yes,

For third verse

mf

seems to chill you thro' and thro' With a strange and speech-less fear; ___ It's the
when the night went wail - ing so, Some - bod - y had been bad, ___ And ___
tho' I'm quite a mod - el now, I ___ was not al - ways so, ___ And ___

mf

mf

* Note. Poem is from "Love Songs of Childhood." Copyright, 1914, by Eugene Field: published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Music copyright, 1914, by C.C. Birchard & Company. Used by permission.

voice of the night that broods out-side, When folks should be a - sleep, And
then when I was snug in bed, Whith-er I had been sent, With the
if you doubt what things I say, Sup - pose you make the test, Sup -

p

man-y and man-y's the time I've cried, To the dark-ness that brood - ed
blan - kets drawn up round my head, I'd think of what my
pose when you've been bad some day, And up to bed are

p

And man-y and man-y's the time I've cried, To the
And blan - kets drawn up round my head, I'd
Sup - pose when you've been bad some day, And

far and wide,
moth - er'd said,
sent a - way,

pp *rit.*

far and far and wide, O - ver land and
moth - er'd said And won - der what boy she
sent a - way, a - way, From moth - er and the

pp *rit.*

dark - ness that brood - ed far and wide,
think of what my moth- er'd said,
up to bed are sent a - way,

pp *rit.*

Tempo I

f *p*

deep. — Whom do you want, O lone - ly night, That you wail the
meant, And who's been bad to - day? I'd ask of the wind that
rest, Sup - pose you ask who has been bad? — And then you'll

f *p*

Tempo I

f *p*

rit. *a tempo*

long hours through? — And the night would say in its
hoarse - ly blew, — And that voice would say in its
hear what's true, — For the wind will moan in its

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

ghost - ly way, Yooooo! yooooo! yooooo! —
aw - ful way, Yooooo! yooooo! yooooo! —
rue - ful - lest tone, Yooooo! yooooo! yooooo! —

Annie McVicar Grant
(Altered)

The Blue Bell of Scotland

Mrs. Jordan(?)

*Harmonized by Gladys Pitcher**

1. O where, and O where is your High-land lad-die gone? O where, and O
2. O where, and O where does your High-land lad-die dwell? O where, and O
3. Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup-pose, and sup-

where is your High-land lad-die gone? He's gone to fight the foe, for King
where does your High-land lad-die dwell? He dwells in mer-ry Scot-land at the
pose that your High-land lad should die? The bag-pipes should play o'er him, And I'd

He's gone to fight for King
He dwells in Scot-land at the
The pipes should play, And I'd

George up-on his throne; And it's oh! in my heart, I wish him safe at home!
sign of the Blue Bell; And it's oh! in my heart, I love my lad-die well.
lay me down and cry; But it's oh! in my heart, I wish he may not die.

George up-on his throne;
sign of the Blue Bell;
lay me down and cry;

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When Dawning Springtime

(Neapolitan Serenade)

Adapted from the Neapolitan by
Victor N. Pierpont

E. di Capua
Arr. by J. Remington

Andantino

mf *p* *espress.*

p

1. When dawn-ing spring-time lin-gers by the
2. Soon comes the win ter when the snow is

p *p*

mead - ow, To nur-ture daf - fo - dils and woo the dai - sy,
fall - ing, And ice-lock'd brooks are hid - den from the vi - sion,

Be-side the stream-let, thro' the shift-ing shad - ow, The sun-beam
And birds have yield - ed fain of South-land's call - ing While beau-ty

cresc.

cresc.

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REFRAIN

mf rit. *a tempo*

glit - ters in a pat - tern ma - zy; Far bright-er sun - shine
slum-bers in the fields E - ly - sian; But ah, the sun - shine

mf rit. *a tempo*

o'er-fills my heart, And songs of rap - ture with-in me start!
o'er-floods my heart, And thence the spring-time will ne'er de - part!

f *p*

A ray of heav-en's glo - ry lights up with joy,

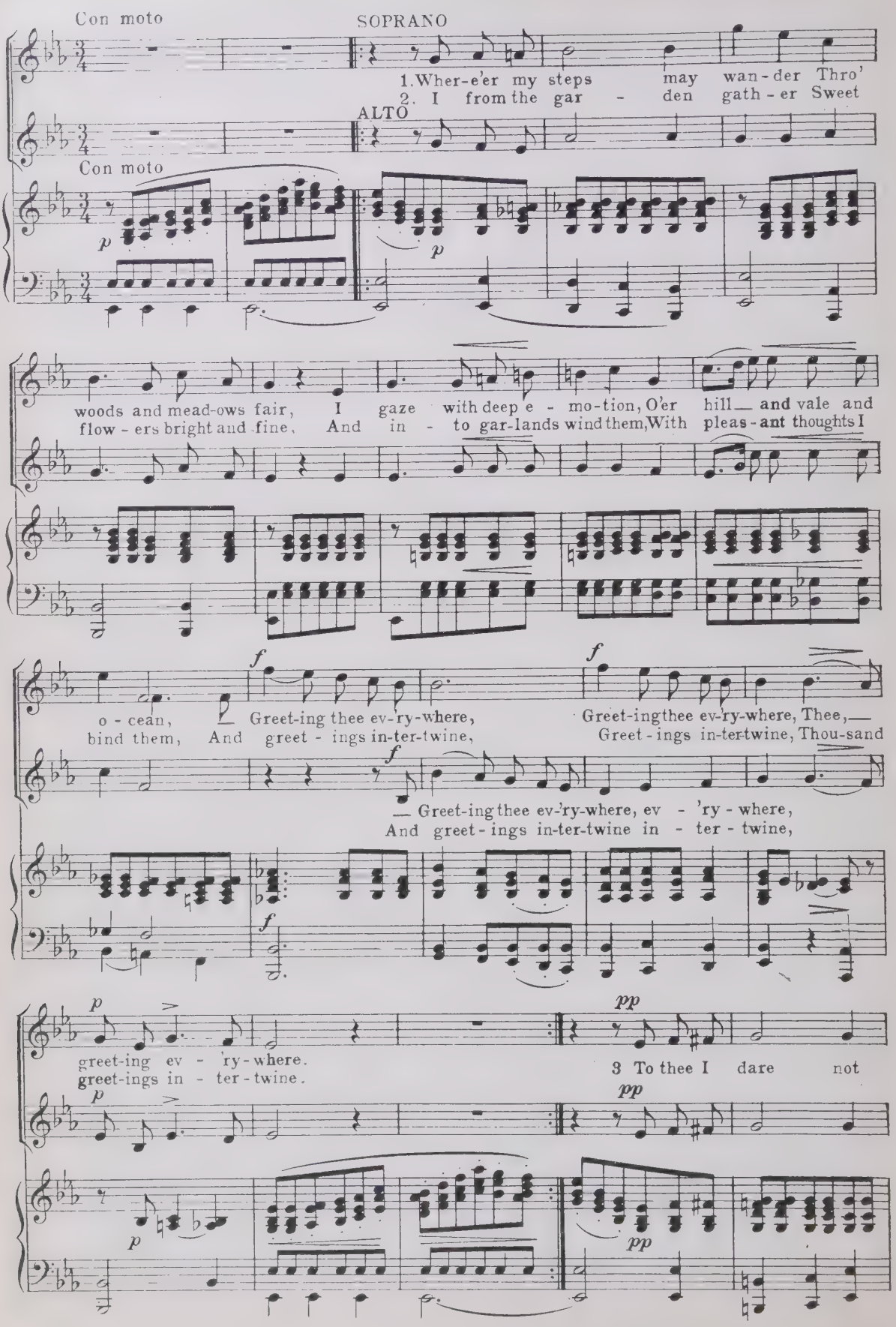
1. *a tempo* D.S. 2. *pp* *dim.* *ppp*

with joy my heart! my heart!

a tempo D.S. *pp* *dim.* *ppp*

Greeting

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy



give them, E'en that might give thee pain;

They soon a-gain must

They soon a-gain must per - ish, The love I may not

per - ish,

f

cher - ish, Must yet in the heart re - main, Must yet in the heart re-

f

Must yet in the heart re - main, re -

f *sf*

main, Must in the heart re-main, Must in the heart re-main.

main, Must in the heart re-main, Must in the heart re-main.

sf *p*

Sleep and Rest

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Andante

1. Sleep, oh, my dar-ling, and rest, Birds are a-sleep in their nest,
2. Lis-ten, no sound can be heard, Through the house noth-ing has stirred,
3. Who is so hap-py and blest— Noth-ing but pleas-ure and rest,

p

Gar-den and mead-ow are still, Bees hum no more by the rill.
Lit-tle gray mouse is not near, Cel-lar and kit-chen are clear,
Free from all la-bor and care, Lov-ing ones guard-ing thee e'er?

In through the win-dow so bright Shines the moon's sil-ver-y light;
On-ly my ba-by so bright Ly-ing a-wake in the night;
Moth-er her vi-gil will keep, Ba-by so gen-tly will sleep;

Nes-tle your head on my breast; Sleep, oh, my dar-ling, and rest; oh,

sleep, and rest.

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Little Lamb, Who Made Thee?

William Blake 1757-1827

G. J. Elvey 1816-1893

Lit - tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee? Gave thee life, and
Lit - tle lamb, I'll tell thee, Lit - tle lamb I'll tell thee; He is call - ed

bade thee feed By the stream and o'er the mead; Gave thee cloth-ing of de - light,
by thy name, For He calls Him - self a Lamb. He is meek and He is mild,

Soft-est cloth-ing, wool-ly, bright; Gave thee such a ten - der voice, Mak - ing all the
He be-came a lit - tle child. I a child, and thou a lamb, We are call-ed

vales re - joice? Lit-tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?
by his name. Lit-tle lamb, God bless thee! Lit-tle lamb, God bless thee! A - men.

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Vesper Hymn

Thomas Moore

Russian Air

Allegretto

mf

1. Hark! the ves-per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters soft and clear;
   Near-er yet and near-er peal-ing, Soft it breaks up-on the ear.
2. Now like moon-light waves re-treat-ing, To the shore it dies a-long;
   Now like an-gry surg-es meet-ing, Breaks the min-gled tide of song.
3. Once a-gain sweet voic-es ring-ing, Loud-er still the mu-sic swells;
   While on sum-mer breez-es wing-ing Comes the chime of ves-per bells.

mf

Allegretto

mf

Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te! A-men.

Far-ther now and far-ther steal-ing,
Hark! a-gain like waves re-treat-ing,
On the sum-mer breez-es wing-ing,

Far-ther steal-ing, Soft it fades up-on the ear.
Hark! like waves To the shore it dies a-long.
On the breez-es Fades the chime of ves-per bells.

God Is a Spirit

(Anthem from "The Woman of Samaria")

William Sterndale Bennett

Lento espressivo
SOPRANO I

p

God is a Spir-it,

SOPRANO II

p

God is a Spir-it,

Lento espressivo

p Gt.

Ped.

God is a Spir-it: and they that wor-ship Him,

God is a Spir-it: and they that wor-ship Him, that wor-ship Him, and

p

they that wor-ship Him must wor-ship Him in spir-it and in truth,

they that wor-ship Him must wor-ship Him in spir-it and in truth,

Ped.

and they that wor-ship Him must wor-ship Him, must

cresc.

p

God is a Spir-it, God is a Spir-it: they must

cresc.

p Sw. *p* Gt. *cresc.*

Ped.

wor-ship Him in spir-it and in truth. For the

cresc.

wor - ship Him in spir-it and in truth. For the Fa-ther seek-eth such,

p

p Sw. *cresc.*

Fa - ther seek-eth such, seek - eth such, seek-eth such to wor-ship Him.

dim.

cresc. seek - - eth such, seek - eth such, seek-eth such to wor-ship Him.

dim.

mp Gt. Sw. *dim.*

Ped.

pp tranquillo assai God is a Spir-it, God is a Spir-it: and they that wor-ship

cresc. *p*

pp tranquillo assai God is a Spir-it, God is a Spir-it:

cresc.

tranquillo assai *pp* Sw. *cresc.* Gt. *p* Gt.

Ped.

Him must wor- ship Him, must wor- ship Him, and

and they that wor- ship Him must wor- ship Him, must wor- ship Him,

they that wor- ship Him must wor- ship Him, must wor- ship Him in

they that wor- ship Him, and they that wor- ship Him, must wor- ship Him in

spir - it and in truth. For the Fa - ther seek - eth

spir - it and in truth. For the Fa - ther seek - eth such, for the Fa - ther seek - eth

such to wor - ship Him, to wor- ship Him in spir - it and in truth.

such to wor- ship Him, to wor- ship Him in spir - it and in truth.

God Be in My Head

Words from *Sarum Primer* (1558)

H. Walford Davies

Andante

SOPRANO

p

God be in my head,

ALTO

p

God be in my head,

TENOR

p

God be in my head,

BASS

p

God be in my head,

Andante

pp Sw.

p

And in my un-der-stand-ing; God be in mine eyes, And in my look-ing;

And in my un-der-stand-ing; God be in mine eyes, And in my look-ing;

And in my un-der-stand-ing; God be in mine eyes, And in my look-ing;

And in my un-der-stand-ing; God be in mine eyes, And in my look-ing;

sempre legato

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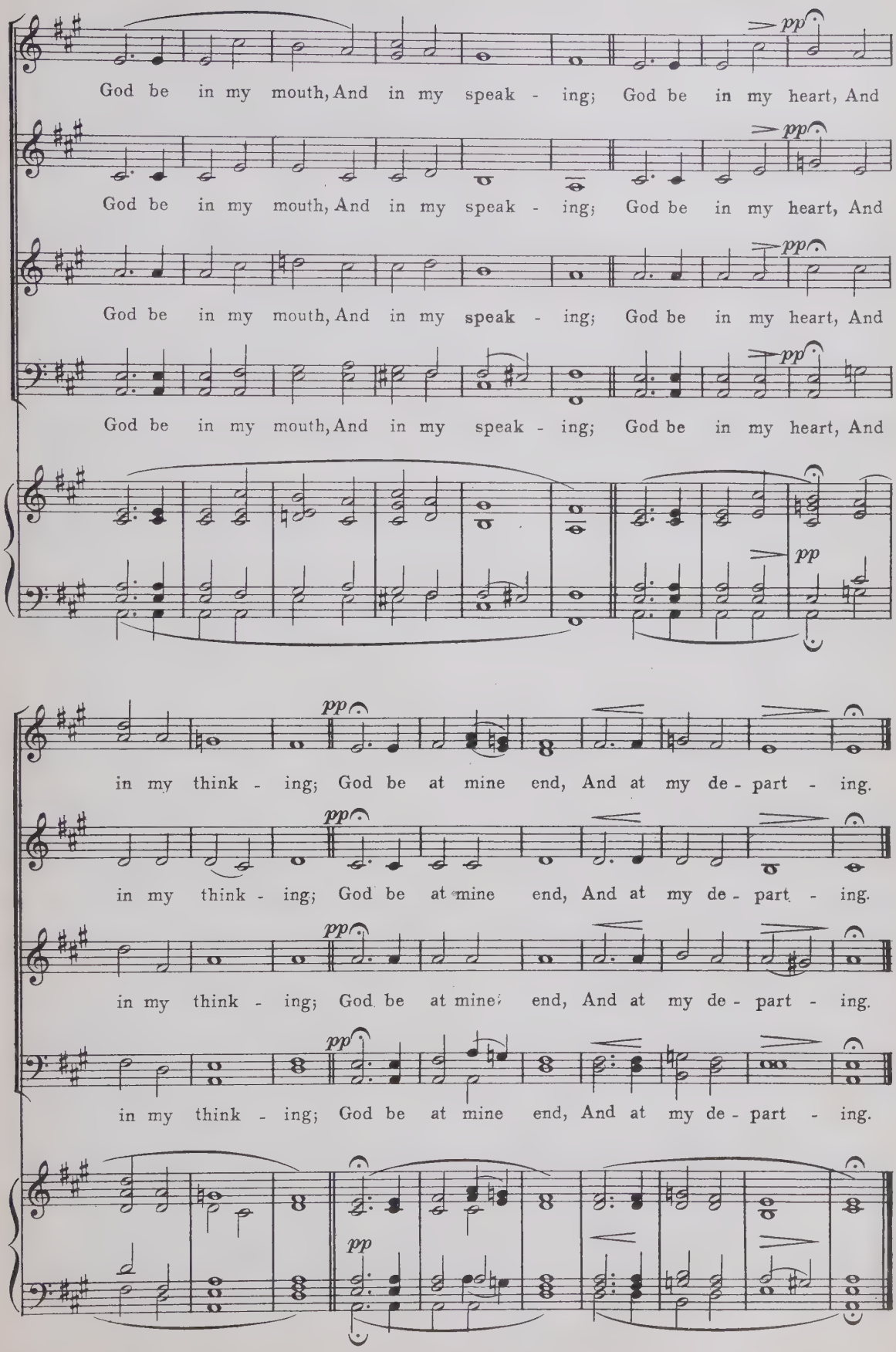
pp
God be in my mouth, And in my speak - ing; God be in my heart, And
pp
God be in my mouth, And in my speak - ing; God be in my heart, And
pp
God be in my mouth, And in my speak - ing; God be in my heart, And
pp
God be in my mouth, And in my speak - ing; God be in my heart, And
pp
pp
in my think - ing; God be at mine end, And at my de - part - ing.
pp
in my think - ing; God be at mine end, And at my de - part - ing.
pp
in my think - ing; God be at mine end, And at my de - part - ing.
pp
in my think - ing; God be at mine end, And at my de - part - ing.
pp

Lift Thine Eyes

Psalm cxxi: 1, 2, 3,

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

Andante (♪=112)

p

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mou-tains, whence com-eth, whence com-eth, whence

p

to the moun-tains,

com-eth help. Thy help com-eth, com-eth from the Lord,

Thy help com-eth from the Lord, the

Lord, the Mak-er of He hath said thy foot

the Mak-er of heav-en and earth. He hath said thy

Mak-er of He hath said thy

shall not be mov-ed: Thy keep-er will nev-er slum-ber,

foot shall not be mov-ed: Thy keep-er will nev-er

nev-er, will nev-er slum-ber, nev-er slum- *rit.* ber.

slum-ber, nev-er, will nev-er slum- *rit.* ber.

nev-er, will nev-er slum-ber, will nev-er slum-ber.

a tempo

eyes to the

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mou-tains, whence com-eth, whence

a tempo

To the mou-tains

Whence

help, whence com-eth, whence

com-eth, whence com-eth help, whence com-eth, whence com-eth whence com-eth help.

com-eth, whence com-eth help,

King Alfred's Hymn

(Sacred Part Song for Trio of Women's Voices)

King Alfred the Great

Hamilton C. Macdougall

Con moto (♩= 108)

SOPRANO SOLO *(or Tutti)*

mf

As the sun___ to bright - er

Sw. soft 8′

p

skies In the morn - ing doth a - rise, Thus we

f

lift our hearts to Thee. Te lau - da - mus, Do - -

(To Thee, O Lord, all glo - -

mi - - ne.

ry be.)

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ALTO SOLO *(or Tutti)*

mf (♩ = 112)

With fresh store of dai - ly bread, Lord, do Thou our

Sw. add Viol.

f

ta - ble spread. Ev - 'ry bless - ing comes from Thee. Da

(Give

pa - nem no - bis, Do - mi - ne.

dai - ly bread, O Lord, to me.)

SOPRANO I & II

mf

When we tread the nar - row

ALTO

mf

When we tread the nar - row

Sw. Diap. (♩ = 116)

mp

Gt. 8′ Fl. & Gamba

sempre staccato

Lead us,

way, Lead us, lest we go a - stray;

way, Lead us, lest we go a - stray;

f

Still our Guide and Guard - ian be. Sis - te
(*Guide our*

f

Still our Guide and Guard - ian be. Sis - te
(*Guide our*

mf

ped - es, Do - mi - ne.
feet, O Lord, to Thee.)

ped - es, Do - mi - ne.
feet, O Lord, to Thee.)

ALTO SOLO

mf *(Second Sopranos may sing with Altos if thought best.)*

Wis - dom dwells in Ho - ly Book.

Sw. or Choir 8'

Those do find her there who look. *f* Give us

eyes Thy - self to see; Da spi - ri - tum tu - um,
(Give thy spir - it,

Do - mi - ne.
Lord, to me.)

SOPRANO I&II *mf*

When the sun sinks in the West, Ere we

ALTO *mf*

When the sun sinks in the West, Ere we

Sw. (♩=108)

lay us down to rest, When we bend the sup - pliant knee,

f

lay us down to rest, When we bend the sup - pliant knee,

f

dim.

Au - di pre - ces, Do - mi - ne.
(*Hear our pray'rs, O Lord, to Thee.*)

dim.

Au - di pre - ces, Do - mi - ne.
(*Hear our pray'rs, O Lord, to Thee.*)

Reduce to soft stops

Meno mosso (♩ = 76)

ALTO SOLO

p molto espressivo

In the sol - emn mid - night hour

Sw. Vox Hum. with trem. (or Vox Celeste)

pp

*)

When the E - vil One hath pow'r, From temp - ta - tion

rit. dim.

set us free. Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi -

(Have mer - cy then, O Lord, on

pp

ne.

me.)

accel. molto

rit.

molto

off Vox Hum. with trem.

p *molto cresc.*

f

*) *If practicable, play the melody on the Swell, the Alto with the thumb of R.H. on Great Gross Flute, L.H. on Choir soft 8'.*

SOPRANO I & II

Praise we now___ with heav'ns high host Fa - ther, Son___ and Ho - ly

ALTO

Praise we now___ with heav'ns high host Fa - ther, Son___ and Ho - ly

(♩ = 104)

Gt. Diap. to Sw.

mf a tempo

Pedale (distinctly)

Ghost. Shout a - gain and yet a - gain Ju - bi - la - te!

Ghost. Shout a - gain and yet a - gain Ju - bi - la - te!

Maestoso

ff poco rit.

A - - men. A - - men.

ff poco rit.

A - - men. A - - men.

Maestoso

cresc.

f poco rit.

ff

I Passed the Hill

(Easter)

Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell

The Rt. Rev. Frederic E. J. Lloyd, D.D., Mus. D.

Serioso, ma con moto

1. I passed the hill, I shut mine eyes; I could not bear to see
2. He lay with pierc-ed hands and feet In gar-den grave close by;

D. C. 2nd verse

The brown, bare cross where Je-sus hung Those dread-ful hours for me.
The emp-ty cross with great gaunt arms, Stood out a-gainst the sky.

cresc.

3. I passed a-gain, but some-one said: "Lift up thine eyes and see;
4. I looked; I saw the leaves so green; I kissed the wood so bright—

cresc.

The brown, bare cross where Je-sus hung Hath blos-somed like a tree!"
And lo! my Lord was stand-ing by, In glo-rious Eas-ter light.

Organ

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Anon.

The Lord Hath Risen
(Easter)

Old Carol
Arr. by H. W. Loomis

Allegro

1. Oh! clap your hands, moun-tains, Ye val-leys re-sound! O sing, for He liv-eth, the
   Oh! leap for joy, foun-tains, Ye hills, catch the sound!

2. Sweep, tides of rich mu-sic, The new world a-long, O sing, for He liv-eth, the
   And pour in full mea-sure, Sweet min-strels, your song.

Ring out! Bells chime! Bells

Repeat pp *mf rall.*

an-gels have said; The Lord hath a-ris-en, Un-harmed from the dead!

chime!

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Saw Ye My Lord Where the Violets Bloom?
(Easter)

Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell

The Rt. Rev. Frederic E. J. Lloyd, D. D., Mus. D.

Allegretto

1. "Saw ye my Lord where the vi-o-lets bloom?" "No, I was seek-ing his face in the tomb?" "Seek ye no more in the
2. "Saw ye my Lord where the wood-lil-ies grow?" "No, I was watch-ing the grave dark and low." "Watch ye no more, for the
3. "Saw ye my Lord in the gar-den a-lone?" "No, I was watch-ing be-side the grey stone?" "Brown, rag-ged branch-es are
4. Look for Him, watch for Him, not in the grave. Call to Him, wait for Him, Might-y to save. Near to Him, close to Him,

cresc.

sep-ul-chre sad, Pass through the gar-den, be-hold and be glad!"
morn-ing was grey As the wind made the blos-soms to bow in his way."
burst-ing to leaf, Wake to your hap-pi-ness, die to your grief!"
lov-ing-ly press, Live for Him, die for Him, long-ing to bless!

cresc.

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Prayer of Thanksgiving

English version by Dr. Th. Baker

Edvard Kremser

Slowly, with most fervent feeling

pp *sempre e legato*

SOPRANO I *pp*

We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless-ing, He

pp

chast-ens and hast - ens his will to make known, The wick- ed op - press - ing

cease them from dis - tress-ing, Sing prais - es to his name, He for - gets not his

own.

pp

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SOPRANO I *p*

Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing, Or -

SOPRANO II *p*

Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing, Or -

ALTO *p*

Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing, Or -

p

cresc. *sempre cresc.*

dain - ing, main - tain - ing his King - dom di - vine, So from the be - gin - ning the

cresc. *sempre cresc.*

dain - ing, main - tain - ing his King - dom di - vine, So from the be - gin - ning the

cresc. *sempre cresc.*

dain - ing, main - tain - ing his King - dom di - vine, So from the be - gin - ning the

sempre cresc.

cresc.

f

fight — we were win - ning, Thou, Lord, wast at our side, — all glo - ry be

f

fight — we were win - ning, Thou, Lord, wast at our side, — all glo - ry be

f

fight — we were win - ning, Thou, Lord, wast at our side, — all glo - ry be

f

Thine!

Thine!

Thine!

ff

ff

We all do ex - tol Thee, Thou Lead - er in bat - tle, And

ff

We all do ex - tol Thee, Thou Lead - er in bat - tle, And

ff

We all do ex - tol Thee, Thou Lead - er in bat - tle, And

ff

pray that Thou still our de - fend - er wilt be; Let thy con-gre -

pray that Thou still our de - fend - er wilt be; Let thy con-gre -

pray that Thou still our de - fend - er wilt be; Let thy con-gre -

ga - tion es - cape trib - u - la - tion. Thy name be ev - er prais'd! O

ga - tion es - cape trib - u - la - tion. Thy name be ev - er prais'd! O

ga - tion es - cape trib - u - la - tion. Thy name be ev - er prais'd! O

rit. *a tempo* *ff*

Lord, make us free! Lord, make us

rit. *a tempo* *ff*

Lord, make us free! Lord, make us

rit. *a tempo* *ff*

Lord, make us free! Lord, make us

rit. *a tempo* *ff*

free!

free!

free!

fff

Christmas Carolling Song

(Christmas)

Traditional English
Arr. by Victor N. Pierpont

March Tempo

1. Here we come a - car - ol-ling A - mong the leaves so green,
2. We are not dai - ly beg - gars, That beg from door to door, But
3. God bless the Mas-ter of this house, Like-wise the Mis-tress too, And

mp legato

In the same tempo

Here we come a - car-ol-ling, So fair to be seen.
we are neigh-bors' chil - dren Whom you have seen be-fore. Love and joy come to
all the lit - tle chil - dren, That round the ta - ble go.

mf

con Ped.

you, And to you glad Christ-mas too, And God bless you and send you a

f chimes effect

Ped. *

Hap - py New Year, And God send you a Hap-py New Year!

Ped. * Ped. *

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Cantique de Noël

(Christmas Song)

Adolphe Adam
Arr. by Bertha Remick

Andante maestoso

Unison

1. O ho - ly night! The stars are bright-ly shin - ing, It is the night of the dear Sa-viour's birth.
2. Led by the light of faith se-rene - ly beam - ing, With glow-ing hearts by his cra - dle we stand.
3. Tru - ly He taught us to love one an- oth - er; His law is love and his gos - pel is peace.

mf

Long lay the world in sin and er - ror pin - ing, Till He ap- peared and the soul felt its worth.
So led by light of a star sweet - ly gleam - ing, Here come the wise men from the o - rient land.
Chains shall He break, for the slave is our broth - er; And in his name all op - pres - sion shall cease.

pp

A thrill of hope the
The King of Kings lay
Sweet hymns of joy in

pp

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wea - ry world re-joic - es, For yon - der breaks a new and glo-rious morn.
thus in low - ly man - ger, In all our tri - als born to be our friend.
grate-ful cho - rus raise we, Let all with - in us praise his ho - ly name.

1st time as a solo
2nd time with chorus *

f SOPRANO I

Fall on your knees! Oh, hear the an-gel
He knows our need, to our weak - - ness no
Christ is the Lord, then ev - er, ev - er

f SOPRANO II

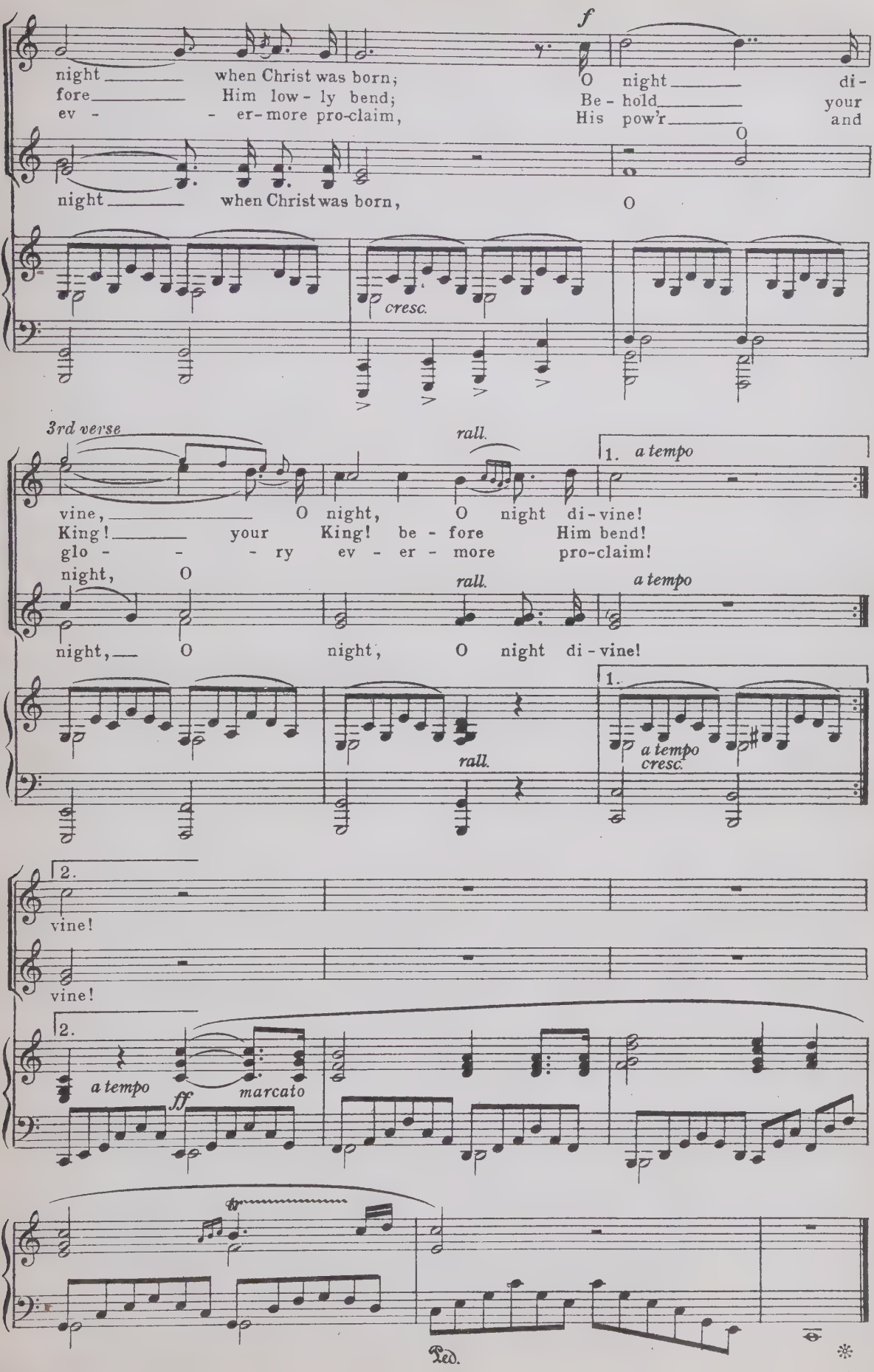
Fall on your knees! Oh, hear the an - gel

f

voic - es! O night di - vine, O
stran - ger; Be - hold your King, be -
praise we his pow'r and glo - - ry

voic - es! O night di - vine, O

* When repeated as a chorus the first verse only is used.


f
night when Christ was born; O night di-
fore Him low-ly bend; Be-hold your
ev - - er-more pro-claim, His pow'r and
night when Christ was born, O
cresc.
3rd verse
rall.
1. a tempo
vine, O night, O night di-vine!
King! your King! be-fore Him bend!
glo - - ry ev-er-more pro-claim!
night, O
rall.
a tempo
night, O night, O night di-vine!
1.
rall.
a tempo
cresc.
2.
vine!
vine!
2.
a tempo
ff
marcato
Ped.

The Wise Men

(Christmas Carol)

Cecil Frances Alexander
1853

Arr. from Berthold Tours

Saw you nev - er in the twi-light, When the sun had left the skies,
Heard you nev - er of the sto - ry, How they crossed the des - ert wild,
Know ye not that low - ly ba - by Was the bright and morn - ing Star?

Up in heav'n the clear stars shin - ing Thro' the gloom like sil - ver eyes?
Jour - neyed on by plain and moun-tain, Till they found the Ho - ly Child?
He Who came to light the Gen-tiles, And the dark - ened isles a - far?

So of old, the wise men, watch-ing, Saw a lit - tle stran - ger star,
How they o - pened all their trea-sures, Kneel - ing to that in - fant King,
And we, too, may seek his cra - dle, There our hearts' best trea-sures bring;

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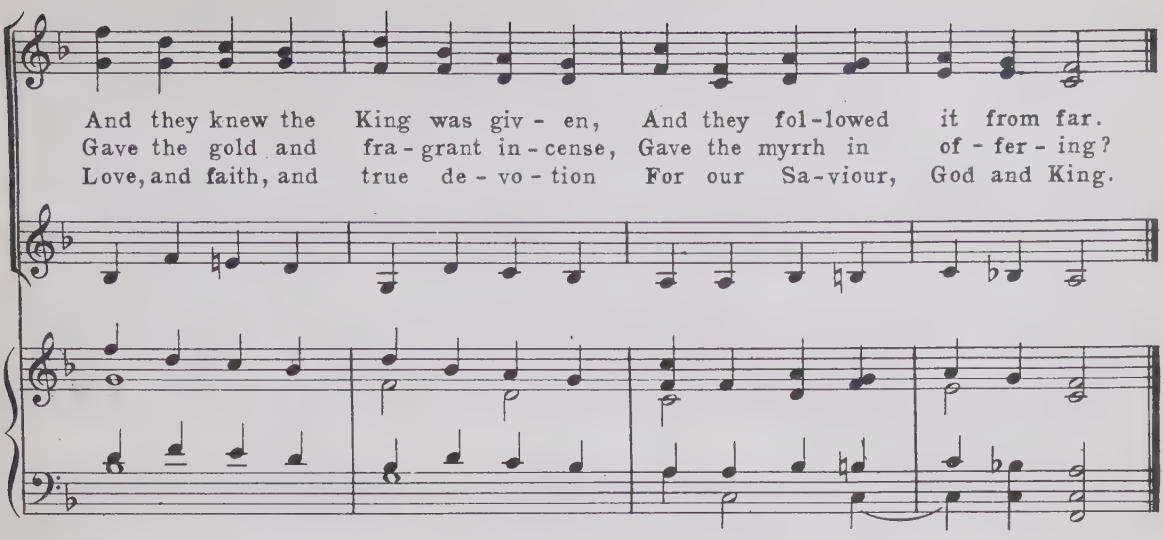
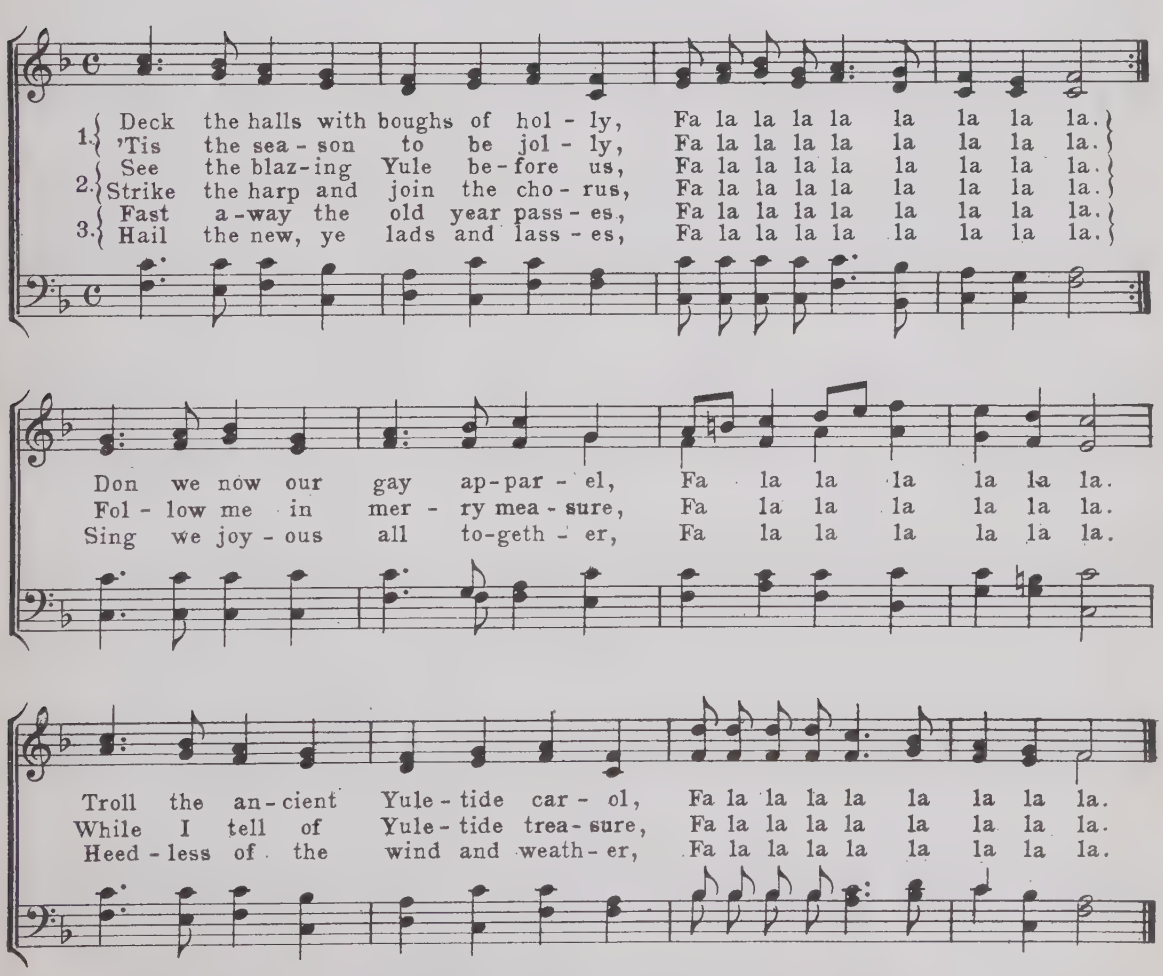


Deck the Hall

(Christmas)

Old Welsh Air



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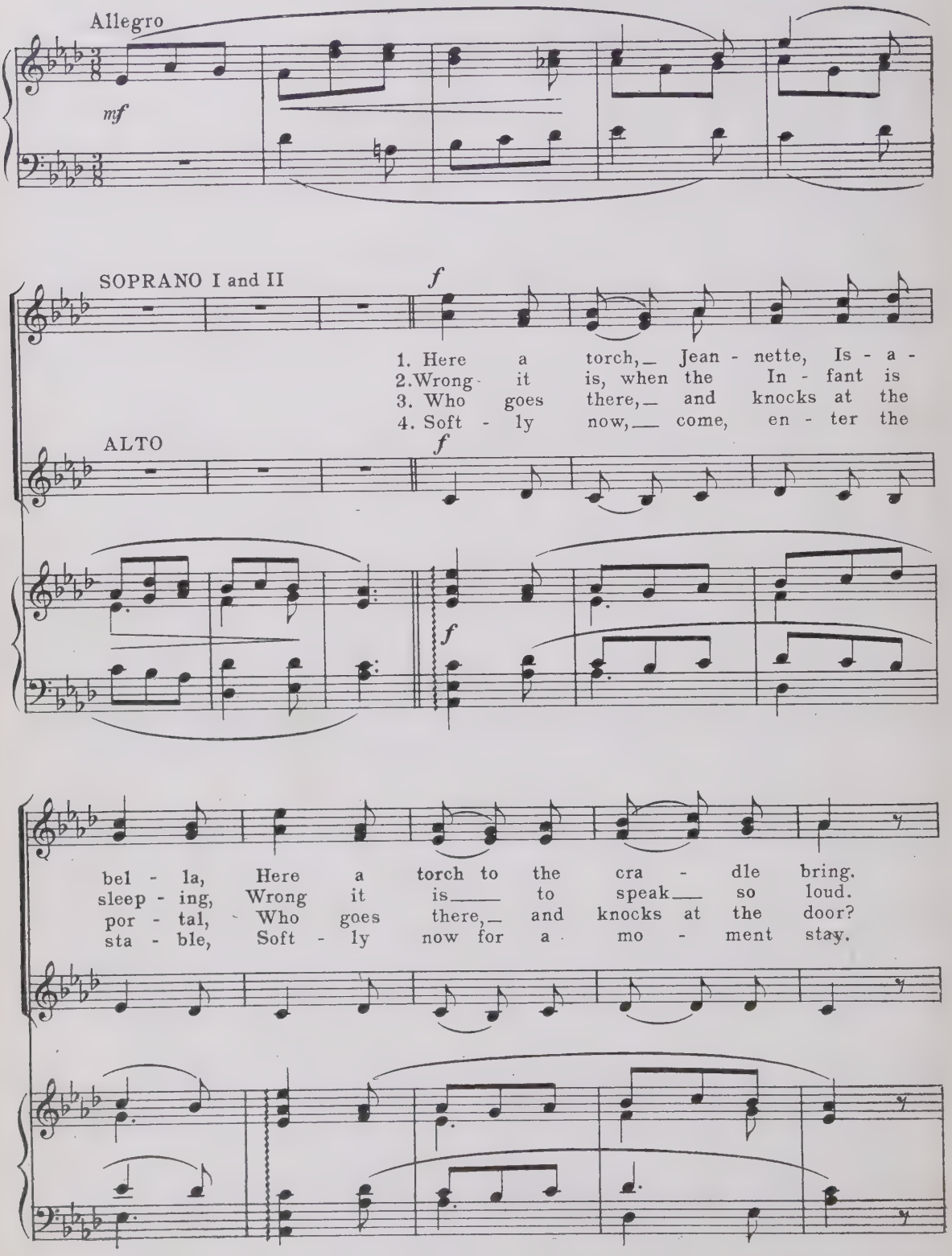
Here a Torch, Jeannette, Isabella

(Christmas)

"Un flambeau, Jeannette, Isabelle"
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Old Provençal Noël
Harmonized by C. F. M.



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p *mf*

It is Je - sus, good folk of the town, Christ is born, 'tis
Hold your peace as you all draw near; Nev - er a sound must
O - pen now, good peo - ple, I pray, Cakes of the best with
See how love - ly in sleep is our Je - sus, White as a pearl with

p *mf*

p *mf*

CHORUS

p

Ma - ry call - ing. Ah, ah, beau - ti - ful is the
wak - en Je - sus. Hush, hush, now He is sleep - ing
me I'm bring - ing. Tock, tock, o - pen the door, I
cheeks of ros - es. Do, do, look how the Babe is

p

p

pp *rall.*

Moth - er; Ah, ah, beau - ti - ful is the Child.
sweet - ly; Hush, hush, see how He sleeps in peace.
pray you; Tock, tock, mer - ry we'll be to - night.
smil - ing, Do, do, smil - ing in hap - py dreams.

pp *rall.*

rall.

pp

From Heaven High the Angels Come

(Christmas)

English Text by Helen A. Dickinson

Traditional XIV Century
Arranged by Clarence Dickinson
For Women's Voices by Rose Phelps

Andante
(Ch.) Harp
Sw.
f TUTTI
Sw.
f

1st SOPRANO
p
From hea - ven high the an - gels come, Sing - ing,

2nd SOPRANO
p
From hea - ven high the an - gels come, Sing - ing,

3rd SOPRANO
p
From hea - ven high the an - gels come, Sing - ing,

(Ch.) Harp
Strings
Sw.
TUTTI

Sing - ing, pp sotto voce (Rock - a - by, hush - a - by, Ho - ly Child.) f Re - joice and

Sing - ing, pp sotto voce (Rock - a - by, hush - a - by, Ho - ly Child.) f Re - joice and

Sing - ing, pp sotto voce (Rock - a - by, hush - a - by, Ho - ly Child.) f Re - joice and

a cappella
f TUTTI

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mf *p*

sing a glo - rious lay, Al - le - lu - ja! Al - le - lu - ja! For

f *p*

sing a glo - rious lay, Al - le - lu - ja! Al - le - lu - ja! For

f *p*

sing a glo - rious lay, Al - le - lu - ja! Al - le - lu - ja! For

Organ *mf* TUTTI *pp*

Christ the Lord_ is born to - day.

Christ the Lord_ is born to - day.

Christ the Lord_ is born to - day.

rit.

a tempo

SOLO

p a tempo

For in_ a man - ger cold_ is laid, Low - ly, low - ly,

a tempo

Strings (Ch.) Harp

a tempo

pp Sw. Organ Sw.

sotto voce *ppp*

(Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, Ho - ly Child.) *ppp* Al - le - lu -

sotto voce *ppp* *p* *ppp*

(Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, Ho - ly Child.) A Babe shall save our souls from sin; Al-

sotto voce *ppp* *ppp*

(Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, Ho - ly Child.) Al-

a cappella *ppp* Organ *a cappella*

ja! Al-le - lu-ja!

le-lu-ja! Al-le-lu - ja! To heav'n-ly man-sions lead us in.

le-lu-ja! Al-le-lu - ja!

Organ *p* TUTTI

mf

Let mel - o - dy fill all the sky, Ring - ing, ring - ing,

mf

Let mel - o - dy fill all the sky, Ring - ing, ring - ing,

mf

Let mel - o - dy fill all the sky, Ring - ing, ring - ing,

Strings *mf* Organ Sw. TUTTI

sotto voce *f*

(Rock - a - by, hush - a - by, Ho - ly Child,) And all man - kind the

sotto voce *f*

(Rock - a - by, hush - a - by, Ho - ly Child,) And all man - kind the

sotto voce *f*

(Rock - a - by, hush - a - by, Ho - ly Child,) And all man - kind the

a cappella TUTTI *f*

mf

cho - rus swell, Al - le - lu - ja! Al - le - lu - ja! The Christ Child

mf

cho - rus swell, Al - le - lu - ja! Al - le - lu - ja! The Christ Child

mf

cho - rus swell, Al - le - lu - ja! Al - le - lu - ja! The Christ Child

mf Organ TUTTI

ppp *rit.*

comes on earth to dwell! Al - le - lu - ja! Al - le - lu - ja!

ppp *rit.*

comes on earth to dwell! Al - le - lu - ja! Al - le - lu - ja!

ppp *rit.*

comes on earth to dwell! Al - le - lu - ja! Al - le - lu - ja!

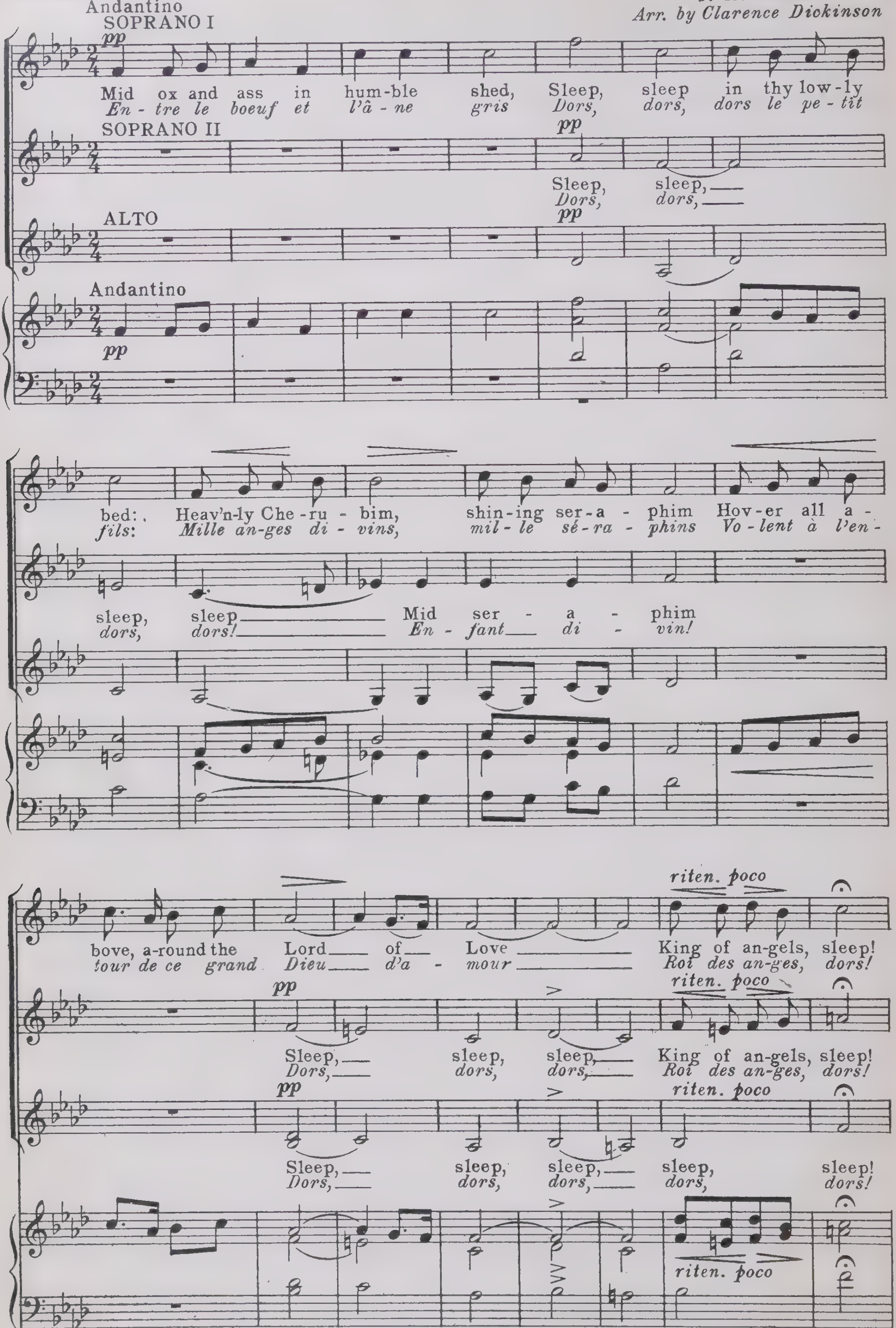
rit.

The English Text by
Stewart A. Trench

Slumber Song of the Infant Jesus

(Christmas)

F. A. Gevaert
Arr. by Clarence Dickinson



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Mid li-lies pure and ro-ses red, Sleep, sleep in thy low-ly
En-tre les ro-ses et les lys, Dors, dors, dors le pe-tit

Sleep, sleep,
Dors, dors,

bed: Heav'n-ly Che-ru-bim, shin-ing ser-a-phim Hov-er all a-
fils: Mille an-ges di-vins, mil-le sé-ra-phins Vo-lent a l'en-

sleep, sleep Mid ser-a-phim,
dors, dors En-fant di-vin!

bove, a-round the Lord of Love King of an-gels, sleep!
tour de ce grand Dieu d'a-mour Roi des an-ges, dors!

riten. poco

pp

Sleep, sleep, sleep, King of an-gels, sleep!
Dors dors, dors, Roi des an-ges, dors!

riten. poco

pp

Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep!
Dors dors, dors, dors, dors!

riten. poco

Mid gen-tle shep-herds wor - ship led, Sleep, sleep in thy low-ly
En - tre les pas - tou - reaux jo - lis Dors, dors, dors le pe - tit

Sleep, sleep,
Dors, dors,

bed: Heav'n-ly Che-ru - bim, shin-ing ser-a - phim, Hov-er all a -
fils: Mille an-ges di - vins, mil - le sé - ra - phins Vo - lent à - l'en -

sleep, sleep Mid ser - a - phim,
dors, dors En - fant di - vin!

riten. poco

bove, a-round the Lord of Love King of an-gels, sleep.
tour de ce grand Dieu d'a - mour Roi des an-ges, dors.

pp *riten. poco*

Sleep, sleep, sleep, King of an-gels, sleep.
Dors, dors, dors, Roi des an-ges, dors.

pp *riten. poco*

Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.
Dors, dors, dors, dors, dors.

riten. poco

These Things Shall Be

John Addington Symonds — Edith Lang

Maestoso

1. These things shall be, a loft - ier race Than e'er the world has known shall rise With
2. New arts shall bloom of loft - ier mould And might-ier mu - sic thrill the skies, And

flame of free-dom in their souls, And light of knowl-edge in their eyes.
ev - 'ry life shall be a song When all the earth is par - a - dise.

They shall be gen - tle, brave and strong, To spill no drop of blood, but dare—Dare
Na - tion with na - tion, land with land, Un - arm'd shall live as com-rades free In

all, dare all That may plant man's lord - ship firm On earth and
heart, in heart, Ev - 'ry heart and brain shall thrill The pulse of

fire and sea and air, On earth and fire and sea and air.
one fra - ter - ni - ty, The pulse of one fra - ter - ni - ty.

These words may be sung to "Duke Street" or other hymn tunes of Long Metre, providing the following words are omitted: In the first verse "Dare all, dare" - and in the second verse the words "heart, in-heart" and the repetition of the last line in each verse.

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The Star-Spangled Banner

Key of B♭

O say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

CHORUS

O say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

2.

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;

CHORUS

'Tis the Star-spangled Banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

3.

O thus be it ever when free-men shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto; "In God is our trust!"

CHORUS

And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

America

Key of G

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From ev'ry mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

2.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

Dixie

Key of C

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land what I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS

Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

2.

Dars buckwheat cakes an' Injun batter,
Makes you fat, or a little fatter,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie Land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.—CHORUS.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Key of B♭

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

2.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.—CHORUS.

3.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal":
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on.—CHORUS.

4.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat.
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.—CHORUS.

5.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.—CHORUS.

Love's Old Sweet Song

Key of F

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

CHORUS

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song,
Comes Love's old sweet song.

2.

Even today we hear Love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells forevermore,
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day;
So till the end when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.—
CHORUS.

Santa Lucia

Key of C

Now 'neath the silver moon ocean is glowing,
O'er the calm billow soft winds are blowing;
Here balmy breezes blow, pure joys invite us,
And as we gently row, all things delight us.
Hark, how the sailor's cry
Joyously echoes nigh;
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

2.

When o'er thy waters light winds are playing,
Thy spell can soothe us, all care allaying:
To thee, sweet Napoli, what charms are given,
Where smiles creation, toil blest by heaven.
Home of fair poesy,
Realm of pure harmony,
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

Old Black Joe

Key of D

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

CHORUS

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

2.

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"
—CHORUS.

3.

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"
—CHORUS.

Annie Laurie

Key of C

Maxwellton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true.
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

2.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

3.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is soft and sweet.
Her voice is soft and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

Key of B♭

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where the old darky's heart am long'd to go;
There's where I labor'd so hard for old massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow corn;
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the State where I was born.

REFRAIN

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where this old darky's heart am long'd to go.

2.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There let me live till I wither and decay.
Long by the old Dismal Swamp I have wander'd,
There's where the old darky's life will pass away.
Massa and missis have long gone before me,
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore,
There we'll be happy, and free from all sorrow,
There's where we'll meet and never part no more.—
REFRAIN

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Old Folks at Home

Key of D

'Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha' my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
All up an' down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longin' for de old plantation,
An' for de old folks at home.

CHORUS

All de world am sad and dreary
Eb'rywhere I roam;
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

2.

All roun' de little farm I wander'd
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playin' wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.—CHORUS.

3.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-hummin'
All roun' de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tummin'
Down in my good old home?—CHORUS.

Sweet and Low

Key of C

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea;
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

2.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon,
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

My Old Kentucky Home

Key of G

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corntop's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

CHORUS

Weep no more, my lady,
O weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

2.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!—CHORUS.

3.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar-canes grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!—CHORUS.

All Through the Night

Key of A♭

Sleep, my child, and peace attend thee
All through the night;
Guardian angels God will send thee,
All through the night,
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and vale in slumber steeping,
I my loving vigil keeping
All through the night.

2.

While the moon her watch is keeping
All through the night;
While the weary world is sleeping
All through the night.
O'er thy spirit gently stealing,
Visions of delight revealing,
Breathes a pure and holy feeling,
All through the night.

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

Key of A♭

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds from the hill,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny dell,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

2.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear-winding rills!
There daily I wander, as morn rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.
How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
There oft, as mild evening creeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

3.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave!
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays:
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

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